THE GARDEN OF THE *Muſes.*

Quem referent Muſa viuet dum robora tellus,
Dum cœlum ſtellas, dum vehet amnis aquas.

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To his louing and approoued good friend *M. Iohn Bodenham.*

TO thee that art Arts louer, Learnings friend,
Firſt cauſer and collectour of theſe floures:
Thy paines iuſt merit, I in right commend,
Coſting whole yeares, months, weeks, & daily houres.
Like to the Bee, thou euery where didſt rome,
Spending thy ſpirits in laborious care:
And nightly brought'ſt thy gather'd hony home,
As a true worke-man in ſo great affaire.
Firſt, of thine owne deſeruing, take the fame;
Next, of thy friend, his due he giues to thee:
That loue of learning may renowne thy name,
And leaue it richly to poſterity,
Where others (who might better) yet for ſlow it,
May ſee their ſhame, & times hereafter know it.

Of this Garden of the Muſes.

Thou which deliġhtſt to view this goodly plot,
Here take ſuch flowers as beſt ſhall ſerue thy vſe,
Where thou maiſt finde in euery curious knot,
Of ſpeciall vertue, and moſt precious iuyce,
Set by Apollo in their ſeuerall places,
And nouriſhed with his celeſtiall Beames,
And watered by the Muſes and the Graces.
With the freſh dew of thoſe Caſtalian ſtreames.
What ſent or colour canſt thou but deuiſe
That is not here, that may delight the ſenſe?
Or what can Art or Induſtry compriſe,
That in aboundance is not gather'd hence?
No Garden yet was euer halfe ſo ſweet,
As where Apollo and the Muſes meet.

A. B.

A Sonnet to the Muſes Garden.

FAire planted Eden of collected ſweetes.
Cropt from the boſome of the fertile ground
Where ſcience with her hony-current greets
The ſacred Siſters: where her liberall ſound
Makes Angels eccho, and to heauens rebound
The repetition of ſententious ſpirits,
(Oh deare belou'd in vertues painfull merits)

Fruit-furniſht *Tempe*, all the worlds abſtract,
For flowers of vertue, hearbs of rare effect,
From whence, as well ſoules phiſicke is extract,
As bodies gouernment; hold in reſpect
What Science giues (though Ignorance reiect
For euery maime and ſicknes of the minde,
A wounded life a precious balme may finde.

She ſends you not to ſearch the hidden mynes,
For gorgeous iewels, nor to forraine lands,
But in one casket all her wealth combines,
And giues it freely with heatt-open hands.
She limits not her bountie within bands:
Looke firſt, then like, ſuruey, take one or all;
Chooſe with the minde, the eye is fancies ball.

W. Bankins Gent.

Of the Booke.

THe ſundry beames proceeding from one Sunne
The hiue where many Bees their hony bring,
he Sea, to which a thouſand riuers runne,
he garden where ſuruiues continuall ſpring,
he Trophees hung with diuers painfull hands,
bſtract of knowledge, Briefe of Eloquence,
iding the weake, preſeruing him that ſtands:
uide to the ſoule, and ruler of the ſenſe.
uch is this Volume, and the fraight hereof,
low-euer ignorance preſume to ſcoffe.

R. Hathway.

To the Vniuerſity of Cambridge.

Mother of Muſes and great Nurſe of Art,
Which lent'ſt the roote frõ whence theſe ſweets are
Now with increaſe receiue a bounteous part,
Which thou maiſt iuſtly chalenge as thine owne:
That Grant *may to the comfort of her ſtreames,*
Behold her (ſeedes of late) now Dulcet flowers,
And with the plenty of the famous Thames,
Attire her Nimphs, and decke her watery bowres,
And cheriſhing theſe choyces of delights,
With dainty Garlands crowne the peacefull ſhore,
Prepard for Feaſting and Triumphant ſights,
More Beautifull then ages heretofore:
Whil'ſt all the Floods ſo famous but of late,
Shall giue their glory to adorne her ſtate.

Sua cuique gloria.

To the Vniuersity of Oxenford.

Thou eye of Honour, Nursery of Fame,
Still teeming-Mother of immortall seed:
Receiue these blessed Orphanes of thy breed
As from thy happy issue first they came.
Those flowing wits that bathed in thy foord,
And sucke the hony dew from thy pure pap:
Returne their tribute backe into thy lap,
In rich-wrought lines that yeeld no idle word.
O let thy Sonnes from time to time supply,
This Garden of the Muses, *where dooth want*
Such Flowers as are not, or come short, or scant
Of that perfection may be had thereby:
So shall thy name liue still, their fame ner'e die,
Though vnder ground whole world of times it lie.

Stat sine morte decus.

Of God.

God is beyond fraile sence to comprehend,
He first began all, and of all is end.

WHere God puts too his hand, all else is vaine.
God thunders oftner than he strikes or beates.
God giues his wrath by waight, but mercie free.
Where God doth blesse, aboundance quickly spring.
Gods wisdome too much searcht, is dangerous.
Gods iustice ouer-vrgde, strikes heauily.
Without the vnderstanding of Gods will,
Our wit is follie, and our best sight ill.
God doth not hate to loue, nor loue to hate.
God with his finger strikes, and not his arme.
No man so poore, but God can blesse his dayes,
Who patient lob did from the dunghill raise.
In vaine it is for man with God to stand.
God will controll when mortall men haue done.
Gods equitie doth euery action prooue.
Gods hand holds thunder, who dares him offend?
Faith finds free passage to Gods mercie seate.
Where Vertue rayseth men to dignitie,
There God his blessings still doth multiply.
Little auailes Gods giftes where wants his grace.
Men order warre, but God giues victorie.
Gods mercie doth his iustice farre exceede.
God deales not with vs as our sinnes deserue.

Gods doctrine is the rule of prouidence.
God is eternall, therefore without end.
God made all mortall things, and orders them,
According to his wisdome, where and when.
Gods greatnes is more seene in loue, than wrath.
God ne're made any equall to himselfe.
If God help not, yet deeme him not vniuſt.
Gods mercy is the worke of our redemption.
If thou lift vp thy ſelfe, God flyes from thee:
If thou be humble, then he comes to thee.
If God dart lightning, ſoone he dewes downe raine
Gods wrath ſoone kindled, is as quickely quencht.
No miſaduentures croſſe, where God doth guide.
Where God doth ſaue, no other ſalue doth need.
How can that enterpriſe ill iſſue haue,
Where God himſelfe doth guide, doth ſpeed, doth ſaue.
Happy are they who fauour from God find.
God and our ſhame are ſtaies vnto our ſinne.
Gods iuſtice doth mans iuſtice farre excell.
Thoſe that God loues, in them he nothing hates.
How can a ſimple current him withſtand,
Who all the mightie Ocean doth commaund?
God loues the faithfull, but doth hate their ſinne.
Good life begun in earth, in heauen is ended.
When Sathan tempts, he leads vs vnto hell,
But God doth guide whereas no death doth dwel.
When Sathan tempts, he ſeekes our faith to foile,
But God doth ſealoſt neuer to recoile.
God makes our burning zeale full bright to ſhine,
Amongſt the candles of his Church diuine.
God euer ſeekes by triall and temptation,
To ſound mans heart and ſecret cogitation:
God well knowes men, and ſtill his eye doth ſee,

All thoughts of men, ere they conceiued bee
God out of season neuer yet doth trie,
His children new conuerted by and by.
Man made of earth, sounds not the seas profound
Of Gods deepe iudgements, where there is no ground.
The Lord law-maker, iust and righteous,
Doth frame his lawes, not for himselfe, but vs.
Gods wisdome guides this worlds societie,
With equall power, and equall pietie.
Gods word which made the world, and guides it still,
To diuers ends conducts both good and ill.
He that preferres not God fore all his race,
Amongst the sonnes of God deserues no place.
He that the furrowes ploweth of Gods field,
May not turne backe his fainting face, nor yeeld.
Sathan suggesteth ill, God mooues to grace.
God can doe all, saue that he will not doe.
Our mightie God, alwaies for his elect,
Of wicked things can draw a good effect.
God keepes his watch aboue the starrie skies,
For his elect, who neuer idle lyes.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS one poore drop is nothing to the sea,
So all we can is nothing in Gods sight.
As the bright Sunne defaceth candle-light,
So Gods great power controlleth all the world.
As Princes are to be both lou'd and fear'd,
So God the Prince of princes, must haue more.
As with great care a Pilot guides the ship,
So with great grace doth God direct the world.
As when the soule departs, the body dies:
So where God blesseth not all things decaie.

As mothers hugge their children in their armes;
So God enfolds his chosen with his grace.

Examples likewise on the same.

Herecides, for his contemning God,
Was eate with lice, and dyed miserably.
Lucian an Atheist, and denying God,
Was afterwards in pieces torne with dogs.
Iustinian for his light regard of God,
Became a foole, and so in follie dyde.
Th'Athenians banished *Protagoras*,
Because his bookes question'd the deitie.
Socrates did confesse one onely God,
And tearm'd the heathen Gods but vanitie.
Plato, when he wrote any serious thing,
Began still, *In the name of one sole God.*

Of Heauen.

Heauen is Gods seat, the throne of endles grace:
The soules true home, and Hopes desired place.

ALl powers are subiect to the power of Heauen.
Nothing but Heauen, is perfect happinesse
What Heauen will haue, that needs must come to passe.
The Soule is heauenly, and from Heauen reliev'd.

Heauen

Heauen is as neere to ſea, as to the land.
Heauen ſings for ioy, when ſinners truly pray:
The waking heauens will plague all ſleeping ill.
When as the heauens are to iuſtice bent,
All things are turn'd to our iuſt puniſhment.
None can attaine what heauen and earth withſtande.
Earth muſt come in, when awfull heauen commaunds.
When heauen yeelds meanes, they muſt not be neglect.
Though men reuenge not, yet the heauens will.
Heauen is the habitation of th'elect.
Heauen is the iuſt mans true inheritance.
It's hard to liue well, eaſie to dye ill:
Hard to winne heauen, eaſie to keepe from thence.
In vaine do men contend againſt the ſtarres.
Heauen workes our fall, but yet the fault is ours.
All men ought know they haue the heauens aboue them.
No walles can hide vs from the eye of heauen.
Repentance carries heauens eternall keyes.
When heauens lampes ſhines, all other lights are loſt.
We neuer know what 'tis in heauen to dwell,
Till we haue had ſome feeling of grim hell.
Heauen is our home, we are but ſtraungers here.
All earthly things are darke, to them diuine.
What heauen decrees, folly may not withſtand.
Earths admirations are the heauens delights.
Heauens deepe deſſignes are hid from mortall eyes.
We are at heauens diſpoſe, and not our owne.
Heauen ſets our time, wherewith can nought diſpence.
High heauens hand reſtraines our wilfull powers,
Whoſe will muſt rule aboue this will of ours.
Heauen doth repaire what fortune hath deſtroid.
Things that are heauenly no corruption taſt.
Whome heauen doth ſpight, the earth diſdaines to hate.
Heauens couers him that hath no buriall.

Earth feeds on earth, heauen giues the ſpirit food.
Prouidence heauenly, paſſeth humane thought,
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way.
Earth giues vs gold, but heauen the wealth of grace.
The Sunne which ſhines in heauen, doth light the earth.
Hell cannot hurt, whome heauen doth preſerue.
The care of heauen doth ſeeke the ſoules content.
It is the doome of heauen, which can and will,
Confound the braunch, whoſe root was planted ill.
Sinne is earths Sun; the Sunne of heauen, ſinnes death.
Thoughts fixt on heauen, contemne all earthly things.
Mortals may feele heauens doome, but not remoue.
All men are ſubiect to the powers aboue.
Heauens ſecrets are conceald from mortall ſight.
By mortall lawe a bond may be diuorſt,
But heauens decree by no meanes can be forſt.
From heauen, but ſoules receiue their ſuſtenance.
Hell is the place of horror, heauen of reſt.
Good death is true inheritance to heauen.
The way to heauen is not ſo wide as hell.
Men looke vp to the ſtarres, thereby to know,
That as they progreſſe heauen, they earth ſhould ſo.
Heauen often winkes at mortall mens amiſſe.
Heauens Sun doth ſhine both on the good & bad.
All humane wiſhes neuer haue the power,
To haſt or hold the courſe of heauen one hower.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS hell was made to puniſh ſinnes proud guile,
Euen ſo was heauen the comfort of the iuſt.
As blue cloth ſtill becomes a princes court,
So none can enter heauen but purely clad.

As

As trauailers deſire their natiue homes,
So ſhould all ſoules long for their heauenly home.
As hells obſcuritie excels all darke,
So nothing with heauens brightnes may compare.
As *Iacob* for his *Rachell* thought ſower ſweet,
So we for heauen ought deeme all elſe but vile.
As all ioyes in this life are fraile and vaine,
So none but heauens ioyes are perfect gaine.

Of Conſcience.

Conſcience is that accuſeth and condemnes,
Needing no other witneſſe than it ſelfe.

FAults long vnfelt, the conſcience will bewray.
The feare of conſcience entreth yron wals.
Where coyne preuailes, conſcience beares little ſway.
Kings but the conſcience all things can defend.
Death, but an acted paſſion doth appeare,
Where truth giues courage, and a conſcience cleare.
Conſcience owne doome doth halfe condemne a man.
No armour proofe againſt the conſcience terror.
Weake conſciences are with vaine queſtions wounded.
Sound conſcience, well is cald a wall of braſſe:
Corrupted, fit compar'd to broken glaſſe.
In conſcience booke, our faults are daily writ.

There

There conſcience failes, where faith beares no account.
A guiltie conſcience neuer is ſecure.
The conſcience ſtain'd with blood of innocents,
Is alwaies ſubiect to approaching guilt.
Repentance brings the keyes of conſcience.
After minds guilt, doth inward griefe begin.
Runne where thou wilt, into all lands betake thee,
Yet will a wounded conſcience neere forſake thee.
A ſtained conſcience finds no ioy at all.
They dread no ſhame, that vſe no conſcience.
If thou but find thy conſcience be vpright,
No matter for the worlds rebuke or ſpight.
Conſcience will neuer ſuffer wicked thoughts.
Conſcience needs no tormenter but it ſelfe.
Conſcience ſees that which no eye elſe can doe.
Conſcience once drownd in wealth and wordly pompe,
Eſteemes all wiſdome as meere fooliſhnes.
A guiltie conſcience is a gnawing worme.
Concience takes vengeance on her owne tranſgreſſions.
Nothing but true repent cleares conſcience.
The riches we may carrie to our graue,
Is a good conſcience: bleſſed they that haue.
Conſcience once faultie, ſtill abides in feare.
Innocence is the ioy of conſcience.
A conſcience ſtanding free from all detect,
Feares no accuſe or doth excuſe reſpect.
Lookes conſident and ſober, ſhewe cleane ſoules.
Conſcience for heauen contemns all worldly things.
To frame excuſe, before thou be accuſde,
Shewes that thou haſt not conſcience truely vſde.
Conſcience doth couet nothing but her owne.
Conſcience craues nothing, but by lawfull meanes.
Conſcience will willingly offend no man.
Conſcience once loaden with the weight of ſinne,

Is

Is iudge and Iuror to it ſelfe therein.
Conſcience doth bindvs to reſpect our kinne:
Conſcience deſpiſeth bribes in any caſe
Conſcience commaunds vs to relieue the poore.
A conſcience cleare, is like a well fenc'd tower,
Not to be ſhaken by rough Canon ſhot.
Conſcience, to princes alwaies giues their due.
Conſcience ſubmits, when Iuſtice doth commaund.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS perſecution is the bodies death,
So foule diſpaire quite kils the conſcience.
As the bright Sunne doth lighten all the world,
So a cleare conſcience ſhineth in the ſoule.
As beautie is a thing glads mortall ſight,
So vnſtain'd conſcience doth high heauen delight.
As wine cheeres vp the heart when it is ſad,
So peace of conſcience makes it much more glad.
As brazen walles defend a cittie beſt
So conſcience taintleſſe, is at peace and reſt.
As gold is beſt, when through the fire 'tis tride,
So conſcience is by troubles purifide.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

O *Reſtes* matricide was iuſtly plagu'd,
With ſting of conſcience by his mothers ghoſt.
And *Nero* (whoſe foule fact did equall his)
Was whipt in conſcience with her walking ſhape.
Caſar Caligula could neuer reſt,
But conſcience torment did him ſtill moleſt.
Tullie affirmes, a conſcience well imploi'd,

Is chiefeſt comfort in aduerſitie.
Plato ſaith: ſweetly ſleepeth innocence,
In the ſafe chamber of good conſcience.
Lactantius writes, that no ſinne can r reuaile,
Where quiet conſcience ſits, and guides the ſaile.
Conſcience muſt leaue a little while to grieue,
To let in horror, comming to reproue.

Of Religion.

Religion is the ground of euery grace,
And teacheth man ſaluation to imbrace.

WHere God is not, religion cannot be.
Sundrie religions makes no religion.
Where ſaints are clarkes there alwaies God is iudge.
Religions touchſtone beſt doth trie the truth.
Religion is the ſcale of innocence,
Working in each vnſpoted conſcience.
After religion, painted zeale doth runne.
Bleſſings come ſildome, but by earneſt prayer.
Ignorance is religions enemie.
The Scriptures are ſufficient to reſolue,
All doubtes that in religion can ariſe.
The word's a med'cine to a troubled mind,
Religion is the perfect bond of loue,

No poyſon worſe than Scripture falſly taught.
Religion is in truth, not fallacies.
No ſurer ſigne of kingdomes ouerthrow,
Than where religion liueth in contempt.
Change of religion is moſt daungerous.
Faith, and not reaſon, teacheth true religion.
Man was created for religious vſe.
There is no error halfe ſo daungerous,
As that committed in religion,
Ill happens when religion we neglect.
Doubt in religion, puniſhment deſerues.
Where no religion is, no vertue bides.
Religions cloake can couer much abuſe.
Thoſe men may well be cal'd religious
That hate the world, & nothing mind but heauen;
Religion linketh men in vnitie.
Religion to all vertues is the guide.
Humilitie expreſſeth true religion.
Religion doth relieue the fatherleſſe,
And ſuccours widowes in aduerſitie.
Religion is the counſell of the inſt.
Religion onely can ſupport the weake.
Religion teacheth remedie gainſt ſinne.
Religion comforts all afflictions.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

Like as a Torch directs vs in the darke,
So doth religion lighten all our hopes.
As theſe our bodies liue by earthly food,
So true religion doth our ſoules moſt good.
As yron maketh ſoft the rudeſt earth,

So doth religion temper hardeſt hearts,
As ſore eyes cannot gaze againſt the Sun,
So wicked minds brooke no religion.
As want of food the body hunger-ſterues,
So pines the ſoule through pure religions lacke.
As med'cines make ſicke bodies whole and ſound,
So doth religion waſh out errours wound.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Brennus for wronging of religion,
Was ſmitten with a thunderbolt to death.
Conomachus, religious rites prophan'd,
But with an earthquake was he ſwallowed vp.
Pherecydes nick-nam'd religion,
For which he was conſum'd by wormes aliue.
In *Athens* they would not create a King,
Except he had tane orders of a Prieſt.
The chiefeſt oath th'Athenians had, was this:
Pugnabo pro ſacris, & cum alijs, & ſolus.
Old Rome, her ſonnes ſent to Hetruria,
To be inſtructed in religion.

Of Truth.

Truth is the fount of knowledg, earths beſt light
The ſcale to heau'n, and onely rule of right.

THe weakeſt things are ſtrongeſt props to truth.
Truth is moſt ſtrong, and alwaies findeth friends.
Truth neuer failes, and true loue wants no might.
Triall doth certainlieſt the truth bewray.
Falſhood with truth may by no meanes abide.
Deeds not by manhood, or the doers might,
Are to be ſcand, but by their truth and right.
What ſhineth neareſt beſt, holdes trueſt worth.
Where then is truth, if there be no ſelfe truſt?
Truth is the onely ſhield of beſt defence.
When truly in our ſelues our faults we ſee,
We deeme them known to all as well as wee.
An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt being truly told.
Truth may be ſhent, but neuer ſhall be ſham'd.
Truth to all goodneſſe is the perfect guide.
All doubts reſoluing, is by finding truth.
How ſhall he think to finde a ſtraunger to be iuſt
That in himſelfe dare put no confidence?
Falſe dreames do euermore the truth deny.
Time ſhewes the truth, and wit that's bought is beſt.
Truth ſoundeth ſweetly in a ſillie tongue.
Who cheriſh wrongs, are bent againſt the truth.
Truth needeth not the ayde of Rhetoricke.
Happie the people, bleſſed is the land,
Where truth and Vertue get the vpper hand.
Nothing ſo hard, but is by truth explain'd.
All hidden ſecrets truth can beſt diſcloſe.
Truth to all goodnes, is the perfect guide.
Truth hath two friends; Wiſdome, and Conſtancie.
Truth ſtandeth not vppon the tongues of men:
Nor honour, on authorities bigge frownes.
Truth triumphes long, when falſhood ſoone decaies.
The truth of things, the end or time will trie.
The ſmootheſt tale, hath oft-times ſmalleſt truth.

Truth

Truth moſt delights, when ſhe goes meaneſt clad.
The ſeate of truth is in our ſecret hearts,
Not in the tongue, which falſhood oft imparts.
Truth needs no Orators to plead her cauſe,
Truth feareth nothing more than to be hid.
Truth with her owne light is beſt ſatisfide.
A certaine truth doth need no ſubtill gloſe.
Truth is a health that neuer will be ſicke
An endleſſe life, a Sunne that neuer ſets.
Truth ſhewes her ſelfe in ſecrecie of truſt:
A cleare caſe needs no ſhifting councellour.
Truth vnbefriended, vvill find friends at laſt.
Truth hateth moſt to heare a feigned tale.
Innocence ſmiles before the Iudge by truth,
And falſhood found before he was ſuſpect.
Reprooue not raſhly, nither hide the truth.
Truth is a blab, and will no treaſons hide.
Truth is a text that troubles many minds.
Truth ſtill hath certaine bounds, but falſhood none.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS the beſt ſteeled glaſſe bevvraies the face,
So truth beſt ſhineth in an honeſt ſoule.
As pureſt Emeralds vvithout foyles ſhine beſt,
So truth moſt pleaſeth in her plaineſt clothes.
As wormvvood fitteth not a lickeriſh taſte,
So truth doth neuer pleaſe alyars tongue.
As clouds oft threaten raine, and yet ſhed none,
So ſtormes oft menace truth, yet hurts her not.
As darkeneſſe is an enemie to light,
So falſhood is continuall foe to truth.
As meane attire impaires not beauties face,
So pooreſt ragges to truth giue no diſgrace.

Exampl

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Iulian Apoſtata the foe to Truth,
Cried out at length, that Truth had conquerd him:
Neſtorius who contended with the truth,
His tongue was eaten in his life, with wormes,
The Perſians in the honour of the truth,
Ordained death to ſuch as did denie it.
Popiel king of Poland, for vntruth,
Was as he ſate aliue, deuour'd with Rats.
Cato was ſo renowmed for the truth,
That he was onely ſaid, to ſpeake the truth.
Vntruth, ſaith *Seneca*, are meeteſt Armes,
For any coward or baſe minded man,

Of Vertue.

Vertue, is Queene of labour, Nurce of loue:
The minds true grace, and bleſſing from aboue.

ALl things decay, but vertue cannot die.
Vertue makes beautie more angelicall,
Vertue is free from time, and fortunes power.

Men

Men cannot leaue their vertues to their heires,
Faire Vertues seat is deepe within the mind,
And not by shewes, but inward thoughts defin'd.
Vices are noted, vertues soone forgot.
Vertues best store, by giuing doth augment.
There is no vertue that is borne with vs.
No vertue springs, where wanteth due regard.
Vertues obscurde, yeelds small and sorie gaines:
But actiuely employd, true worth retaines.
Winne fame by vertue, let opinion goe.
Vertue is in the minde, not the attire.
Vertue and fortune neuer could agree.
Vertue is loath'd of fooles, lou'd of the wise.
Vertue is much more amiable and sweet,
When therewithall true maestie doth meet.
Vice careth not if vertue sincke or swimme.
Wit shines in vertue, vertue shines in wit.
Sweeteſt temptations moſt make vertue knowne.
Vertue it selfe turnes Vice, being misapplyed:
And Vice sometimes by action dignified.
The field of honour, vertue neuer looseth.
Vertue will beare what can on vertue fall.
True happinesse, on vertue taketh ground.
The more vice reignes, the lesse doth vertue thriue.
To Vertues goods we onely ought to cleaue,
The rest are good in semblance, but deceaue.
Vertue will liue when villanie shall die.
Vertue may be disturb'd, but ne're disgra'cd.
No beautie like the vertue of the mind.
Vertue through darkest shades doth light her selfe.
Vertue in greatest daungers being best showne,
May be oppreſt, but neuer ouerthrowne.
Vertue oft lyes where life is in disgrace.
If sinne were dead, vertue could not be knowne,

Syne

Sweet is the gaine which vertuous trauaile brings.
All vertuous minds doe vertuous deeds declare.
Our Vices nor our Vertues neuer die,
Though vnder ground a thouſand yeares we lye.
Vertue doth mortall things immortall make.
The bond of vertue alwaies ſureſt binds.
Than vertue, there can be no greater dower.
'Tis vertues ſelfe, that her rewards doth pay.
Enuies black cloud would dim bright vertues rayes.
All ſorrowes in the world are farre more leſſe,
Than Vertues might and Valours confidence.
Sinne counted ſolace, vertue is deſpiſde.
Vaine praiſe is ſhame, but honour vertues due.
Without defence of vertue, nothing laſts.
Onely faire Vertue ſeales eternitie,
Aboue earths allbabating tyrannie.
All Orators are dumbe when vertue pleads.
Vertue but ſtampt in Lead, is riche enough.
That growes apace which vertue helpes to raiſe.
Vertue curbes in the moſt vnbridled will.
With goodneſſe men doe ſoone grow diſcontent,
Where ſtates are ripe to fall, and Vertue ſpent.
True vertue is rich dower for chaſtitie.
In vertuous deeds all ſtratagems are good.
Vertue is beautie of the inward man,
Exclude diſcretion, vertue turnes to vice.
Like to the Sunne, ſo vertue lights the world.
Such as leaue off faire Vertues to eſteeme,
Doe greatly erre, that take things as they ſeeme.
Vertue will ſhine though ne're ſo much obſcur'd,
Vertue depreſſed, is expreſſed more.
Vertue makes women ſeeme to be diuine.
With honours eyes let vertues plaints be ſcand.
Vertue doth raiſe by very ſmall degrees,

Where in a moment Fortune casteth down,
While vertue suffers, still it vanquisheth.
Need clad with vertue, is abound ant rich.
Vertue is better and more sure th n Artes.
Vertue is not to get things but to keepe them.
Vertue on earth doth soonest bring Fame,
Makes our graues glorious, writes our names in heauen.
Vertue most grieueth at her owne disgrace.
A vertuous act seemes straunge in some mens sight.
A vertuous mind cannot be miserable.
Death is true life to euery vertuous man.
Though Vertue many times wants due reward,
Yet seldome Vice escapes deserued blame.
Vertue doth neuer enuie good desert.
Loue maketh vertue liue, and vice to die.
Reports can neuer harme the vertuous.
He is not vertuous that's too timerous.
Each cunning sinne being clad in Vertues shape,
Flyes much reproofe, and many stormes doth scape.
Vertues are many times by faults disgrac'd.
Honours defects by vertues are supplyed.
Vertue still doteth on perfection.
Vertue in beauteous bodies shineth best.
All the gaye pleasures that the world can proue,
Are but sick sorrowes to pure Vertues loue.
Vertue is most renow'med in honors eyes.
Vertue still smiles when vaine conceit doth crie.
Immortall vertue liues an endlesse date.
Wisdome on Vertue as her handmaid waits.
The worlds opinion so doth Vertue smoother,
As one beares that belongs vnto another.
Vertue makes euery where a straungers home.
Vertue doth conquer dissolute desires.
Vertue in Princes is most glorious,

Vertue deſerueth more than wealth can doe.
The blaſts of Fortune neuer can preuaile.
In the maine ſea where Vertue hoiſeth ſaile.
All pompe is vile, where vertue hath no place.
Vertue doth vanquiſh Fortune, Time, and Death.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS feare of torment holds the wicked in,
So vertues loue make good men loath their ſin,
Looke how one vice begets another ſinne,
Euen ſo one vertue drawes another in.
As Muſicke profits nothing but by ſound,
So vertue helpes not if it faile in life.
Like as the Sunne obſcures all leſſer lights,
So vertues luſtre damps, all enuies fleights.
As ſpices in their bruiſing ſauour moſt,
So vertue in affliction beſt is ſeene.
As wine refreſheth ſad diſmayed minds,
So vertue comforts poore diſtreſſed ſoules.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

KIng *Alexander* got the name of Great,
By vertuous carriage of himſelfe in warre.
Spurina choſe to mangle his faire face,
Rather than be ſeduc' de from vertuous thoughts;
Hercules, bad vaine pleaſure get her gone:
And made faire vertue his companion,
Xerxes for beaſtlines was not ſo blam'd,
As *Galba* for his vertue was renowm'd.
Thales affirmes, that nothing in the world,
For man was meet, but vertuous actions.
Cicero ſuith, That vertue of it ſelfe
Is the ſole cauſe of happie life and death,

Vertue was neuer hireling of the mind,
But ſtill will liue though fame had ne're a tongue.
What ſute of grace hath Vertue to put on,
If Vice ſhall weare as good, and doe as well?

Of Faith and Zeale.

Faith ſhewes a good mans fruits, preſerues the ſoule
And zeale doth beſt giue euidence of faith.

FAithes beſt is triall, then it ſhineth moſt,
The faithfull ſtands, the faultie man wil flye.
Zeale is but cold where leueleſſe law reſtraines.
This haſtie raſhnes where true faith doth flye.
In deepe diſtreſſe, true faith doth beſt auaile.
When once mans faith is ſpotted and deſamd,
The bodie had beeu better neuer framd.
Zeale and good courage beſt become a Prince.
Faith bides no perſit triall, but by time.
Shipwracke of faith is made, where conſcience dyes.
Friends haue no priuiledge to breake their faith.
The gift deſerueth moſt is giuenin zeale.
Falſe faunting zeale, ſhadowed with good pretence,
Can find a cloake to couer each offence.
Falſe faith is ouer-poizde with weakeſt weight.
The ballance yeelds vnto the lighteſt feather.
An eaſie yeelding zeale is quickly quaild.

Faith

Faith violated, is moſt deteſtable.
Faith once reſolu'd, treads fortune vnder foot.
The man that holds no faith, ſhall find no truſt.
Where faith doth feareleſſe dwell in brazen tower,
There ſpotleſſe, leiſure builds her ſacred bower.
A zealous heart is alwaies bountifull.
The faith of Knighthood is by vertue tryed.
Euery occaſion quailes a hireling faith.
The gift deſerueth much is giuen in zeale.
A princes greateſt fault, is breach of faith.
The faith of Pagans ought not be believ'd.
Faith is a fortreſſe gainſt all fainting feare:
And Zeale, the walles doth euermore vpreare.
Take faith from iuſtice, all things runne to ſpoile.
Authoritie is ſtrengthened beſt by zeale.
Who binds himſelfe by faith, had need beware:
Faith to raſh oathes no credit giues at all.
The greater faith, the greater ſufferance.
Faith is the true foundation of the ſoule,
And couetiſe doth redeeme the ſame from ſinne.
Zeale makes opinion ſtand inuincible.
A good mans wiſh, is ſubſtance, faith and fame.
Selfe-will doth frown, when earneſt zeale reproues.
Faith mounteth to the clouds on golden wings.
Faith brings forth workes, and workes declare our faith.
No faith too firme, no truſt can be too ſtrong.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

A Sraine makes euery ground bring forth encreaſe,
So faith of euery ſoule doth ſhew the fruits.
As honours fire doth kindle high deſires,

So zealous faith lifts vp the loweſt ſoule.
As night doth beſt the diamonds glory ſhow,
So ſharpe affliction beſt makes faith to grow.
As wiſdome is the only way to weale,
So true diſcretion beſt directeth zeale.
As loue and hate cannot agree in one,
So without zeale, faith thinkes her ſelfe alone.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Parmenio wild his king to breake his faith,
I would (quoth he) were I *Parmenio*.
Lyſander made no reckoning of his faith,
And therefore was by euery one reproou'd.
Attilius ſent to Rome vpon his faith,
Boldly return'd, although it coſt his life.
Raſtrix the Duke of Cleueland, breaking faith,
Was therefore diſpoſſeſt of both his eyes.
Let none ſpeake ill of vs, ſaid *Pittacus*,
To whome we ſtand obliged by our faith.
Keepe faith (ſaith *Cicero*) with enemies
What ere miſhap doe follow therevpon.

Of Hope.

Hope is the ſad hearts help, the ſick thoughts fried
And what diſtruſt impaires, Hope doth amend.

ALl hope is vaine without the feare of God.
Hope on each leaſt occaſion taketh hold.
Hope doth forbid vs ſorrow to beleeue.
When loue growes ſickely, hope then daily ſtrengthens.
Things out of hope by venturing oft are woon.
Hope many times on bleſſed hap doth light.
When hope is loſt in care then comfort bleeds.
Vnworthy he of grace, whome once denaid
Excludes from faireſt hope, without more triall.
All fooliſh hopes haue euermore bad ſpeed.
Councell doth come too late when hope is paſt.
Men well may hope to riſe, but feare the worſt.
Its good to hope the beſt, but feare to fall.
Changing the aire, hopes time will alter chance.
Deſpaire and hope doe ſtill attend on loue.
Its good to feare, yet let our feare be ſo,
That to our hope it procue no ouerthrow.
Oft preſent hap, makes future hope to yeeld.
No hap ſo hard but hope doth much amend.
Hope to enioy, is little leſſe than ioy.
Honour once loſt, giues farewell to all hope.

Vnhappie men are ſubiect to no hope.
Fortune may take our goods, but not our hope.
The heart that's only hurt is greatly eaſd,
With hope of that may make griefe beſt appeaſd.
Hopes are vnſure, when certaine is the paine.
We often fall when moſt we hope to clime.
As we waxe hopeleſſe, violence ſtill growes.
Hope well in loue what euer be thy hap.
Hope is the daily dreame of waking men.
This life is but the hope of endleſſe life.
Vnworthie is he of one happie day,
that will not take the offer of good hope.
There is no truſt in youth, nor hope in age.
The hope of things vnſeene beares greateſt price.
Good conſcience alwaies hath a perfect hope.
Hope is a pleaſing paſſion of the mind.
To hope againſt all hope is high reſolue.
True hope is ſwift, and flyes with ſwallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.
Inconſtant hope is drowned oft in feares.
In midſt of griefe, hope alway hath ſome part.
Hope being deluded makes the torment more.
Who cannot feare to looſe, ne're hopes to haue.
All greedie hope, vaine vicious humour feeds.
Hope is companion euermore to loue.
No one without great hopes, will follow ſuch,
Whoſe power and honour doth not promiſe much.
No hope of reſt, where hap true hope delayes.
Hope ſtill perſwading hope, expecteth good.
Hope is the God of miſerable men.
In vaine he hopes, who here his hope doth ground.
From fruitleſſe hopes but fillie fauours ſpring.
The euenings hope may comfort mornings care.
Hope built vpon the world, doth neuer thriue,

But

But grounded once on God, at no time failes.
Hope is the bread and food of wretched men.
Bad haps are holpe with hope and good beliefe.
No greater griefe in loue, than fruitlesse hope.
Hope waits on great mens tongues, & oft beguiles.
Hopes aboue Fortune, doe fore-point deepe falles.
Who thinkes to thriue by hope, oft haps to begge.
To hope too much, is boldly to presume:
To hope too little, basely to despaire.
Small is his gaine that hopes for golden griefe.
Meane mens preferments eleuates thier hopes.
Sad hopes seeme ouer long and burdenous.
Grace to thy hope is alwaies safest guide.
When hope and hap, when health and wealth is highest,
Then woe and wracke, disease and need is nighest.
Hope (of all passions) is the pleasantest.
Vaine hopes, are like a Vane turn'd with the wind.
To haue no hope, is held most miserable.
To liue in hope of that men meane to giue,
Is to deceiue our selues, and not to liue.
Hope not for that which iustice doth denie.
Where grace begins, hope makes a happie end.

Similies on the same iubiect.

AS greatest calmes oft turne to thunder claps,
So sweetest hopes doe change to sowrest haps.
As in meane places may much wealth be hid,
So little hopes may mightie things expect.
As sadnes is the hearts chiefe punishment,
So hope is highest helpe in deepe distresse.
As one part of the body toiles for all,
So hope striues to accomplish all desires.

As

As euery mettall is of Sulphur made,
So euery pleasure doth from hope proceed.
As honest pastimes can no way offend,
So good mens hopes must needs haue happy end.

Examples likewise on the same.

WHen *Alexander* gaue great gifts away,
Being askt, What for himselfe he kept? replied Hope.
Cæsar continually was led with hope,
That he should gouerne many Monarchies,
Androcludas derided being lame,
Said; Then in fight I hope I shall not flie.
Pandarus called hope, The nurce of age:
And *Thales* said, Hope was a common helpe,
I earned men differ from the ignorant,
(As *Bias* said) but onely by their Hope.
Hope (as *Simonides* the Poet saith)
Is the sole guide and gouernour of men.

Of Loue.

Loue is a vertue, measur'd by duteous choice,
But not if it be maim'd with wilfull chaunce.

True

TRue loue is ſimple like his mother Truth.
Firme and vntainted loue, had neuer meane.
In long delay, loue moſt impatient is.
Our treaſure we may hide, but not our loue.
The tueſt loue is moſt ſuſpitious.
Loues eyes in looking neuer haue their fill.
MAY is not loues month, MAY is full of flowers,
But dropping APRIL: Loue is full of ſhowers.
Lud loue breeds loſſe, ill peace hath a deadfight.
Life is moſt loath'd, where loue may not preuaile.
Loue is the miſtreſſe of a many minds.
Loues little ſweet, oft finds a longer ſower.
Loue's like the winters Roſe, or Sommers yce.
Loue where it likes, liſe where it loue would be.
Loue doth deſire the thing below'd to ſee,
That liuelt ſelfe in louely ſhape may be.
As loue is loth to part, ſo feare ſhunnes death.
Lukewarme deſires beſt fit with crazed loue.
Valour nor loue dwell where diuiſion is.
Nought worth is loue without true conſtancie.
Loue cannot ſound vvell, but in louers tongues.
Loues ſtrongeſt bands, vnkindnes doth vnbind.
Firme loue that is in gentle breſts begun,
No idle charme may eaſily remoue.
Short is the ioy of him that longeſt loues.
Loue neuer can endure a Paragon.
The greater loue, the greater is the loſſe.
True loue is often ſowen, but ſildome growes.
Loſe loues are vaine, and vaniſh ſtill to ſmoake.
Loue, that two hearts makes one, ſo frames one will.
Too hard a leſſon tis for tuning clay,
From loue (in courſe of nature) to refraine.
Firme loue, the dread of danger doth deſpiſe.
Loue may not be compeld by maſterie,

Sweet

Sweet loue barres lewdneſſe from his companie.
Cauſeleſſe to chaunge loue, is moſt foule reproch.
Loue hateth thought of all vngentlenes.
A louers heauen muſt paſſe by ſorrowes hell.
All loſſe is leſſe, yea leſſe is infamie,
Than loſſe of loue to him that loues but one.
They cannot iudge of loue, that ne're did loue.
Loue wants his eyes, yet ſhoots he paſſing right.
The ſhrine of loue doth ſeldome offrings want.
What can be ſaid, that louers cannot ſay?
Blind loues beſt Poets haue imperfect ſight.
Loue deeply grounded, hardly is diſſembled.
Loue is a fiend, a fire, a heauen, a hell,
Where pleaſure, paine, and ſad repentance dwell.
Where both deliberate, the loue is light.
True loue is mute, and oft amazed ſtands.
Who euer lou'd, that lou'd not at firſt ſight?
The darkeſt night is *Cupids* brighteſt day.
Loue alwaies makes thoſe eloquent that loue.
There's nothing more than counſell, louers hate.
The light of hidden fire, it ſelfe diſcouers:
And loue that is conceald betraies poore louers.
A louer moſt reſtraind, the worſer fares.
Loue is too full of faith, to credulous.
Great force and vertue hath a louing looke.
No ſtonie limits can hold out true loue.
What loue can doe, that dare it ſtill attempt.
Sweet are thoſe bands that true loue doth combine.
Loue goes toward loue like ſchoole-boyes from their bookes.
But loue from loue, to ſchoole with beauie lookes.
No loue ſo ſweet as where both ſoules conſent.
True perfect loue is quickeſt of beleefe.
It's better loue and liue, than loath and die.
Free vent of words, loues fier doth aſſwage.

Looke

Lookes doe kill loue, and loue by lookes reuiues.
Foule words and frownes will not compell a louer.
Louers well wot, woat griefe it is to part,
When twixt two bodies liueth but one heart.
Loue eafily commenteth on euery woe.
Loues gentle ſpring doth alwaies freſh remaine.
Loue maketh young men thrall, and old men dote.
In follie loue is wiſe and fooliſh wittie.
A louers houres are long, though ſeeming ſhort.
Louers doe ſay, The heart hath treble wrong,
When it is bard the ayding of the tongue.
Loue doth with gall and hony both abound.
It is not loue, that loues to anger loue.
Loue ſtill is free and led with ſelfe-delight.
Sweet is the loue that comes with willingnes.
Who learnes to loue, the leſſon is ſo plaine:
That once made perfect, neuer loſt againe.
There is no paine like loues ſweet miſerie.
Great talke of loue proceeds but from the tongue.
Loue makes blunt wits, right pleaſing Oratours.
All loue deceits are held excuſable.
Loue is moſt ſweet and faire in euery thing.
Loue, well is ſaid to be a life an death,
That laughes and weepes and all but with a breath.
Such vertue loue hath to make one of two.
The fire of loue is blown by dalliance.
Loues ſpeciall leſſon, is to pleaſe the eye.
Loues glorie doth in greateſt darknes ſhine.
Loue is a ſpirit all compact of fire,
Not groſſe to ſinke, but light and will aſpire.
Loue paints his longings in faire virgins eyes.
If merit looke not well, Loue bids, ſtand by.
Loue loftie, doth deſpiſe a lowly eye.
Loue neuer will be drawn, but muſt be led.

Although

Although ſweet loue to conquer glorious be,
Yet the paine farre greater than the fee.

He that ſhewes all his loue, doth loue but lightly.
Fauours make happy louers euer doumbe.
The lateſt vvonne, is alvvaies lou'd the longer.
Equall eſtate, doth nourriſh equall loue.

Loue in braue ſpirits, kindles goodly fire,
Which to great height of honour doth aſpire.

Loue makes at once, ſicke, ſound, aliue, and dead.
Loue makes deuided creatures liue in one.
Loue is a thing that feeds on care and feare.
Poore is the loue that pouertie impaires.
All loues conceits are excellently vvittie.

Two eyes him needeth, both to watch and wake,
That louers will deceiue and find their ſcape.

That loue is ſingular, is leaſt in ſight.
A pregnant loue conceits a thouſand things.
Wanton conceits are rife, vvhere loue is vvitte.
Diſdaine to true loue yet vvas euer foe.

That loue is it which alvvaies laſteth long,
That tends to neither of the louers wrong.

Vnvvoed loue knovves not vvhat pittie meanes.
They loue indeed that dare not ſay they loue.
Loues vvorkes are more than of a mortall temper.
Hearts are loues food, his drinke is louers teares.

Loue is a golden bubble full of dreames,
That waking breakes, and fils vs with extreames.

The gaine is griefe to them that traffique loue.
Loue is in prime of youth, a Roſe; in age, a Weed.
Loue, for a minutes ioy, payes endleſſe paine.
Meane men in loue haue frownes as vvell as Kings.

Two conſtant loues being ſoyned in one,
Yeelding to one another, yeeld to none.

Loue truely bred, true triall vvill abide,

Mens loue is vvritten on the Angels breasts.
Loue vvith true friends vvill alvvaics liue and die.
Loue is refiner of inuention.
The faults that are in loue, by loue committed,
By loue for loue doe clasme to be remitted.
Loue teacheth musicke to vnskilfull men.
Loue vvonne by vertue, still is permanent.
The loue of beautie, reason oft beguiles.
Loue is the Lord of hope and confidence.
Loue whets the dullest wits, his plagues are such:
Yet makes the wise by pleasing dote as much.
Likenesse in manners maketh loue most pure.
Vertue cannot be perfect, vvanting loue
Loue is most fortunate vvhere courage liues.
Concealed loue burnes vvith the fiercest flame.
Louers best like to see themselues alone,
Or with their loues, if needs they must haue one.
A cold base loue, cooles not a hot desire.
Hate in the name of loue doth oft presume.
Selfe loue, of mischiefe is the onely ground.
The covvards vvarfare is a vvanton loue.
Where growes a perfect sympathie of hearts,
Each passion in the one, the other pranketh.
Pure loue did neuer see the face of feare.
Lasciuious loue is root of all remorse.
Loue vvonne in heat, vvill vvith a cold be lost.
Loue, and high seat no equall can endure.
Louers haue quick all corners searching eyes.

Similies on the same subiect.

Like as the vvaxe doth quench, and feed the flame,
So loue to men giues both despaire and life.

As Yuie finds fit meanes whereby to climbe,
So loue ſorts out his ſubiect where him liſt.
As fire with violence conſumeth wood,
So ſcorne with cruelnie doth murder loue.
As young vines yeeld moſt vvine, but old brings beſt,
So young loue ſpeaketh much, but old doth moſt.
Like as affection is in louers reſtleſſe.
So being perfect, it is likewiſe endleſſe.
As fancie muſt be cured by affection,
So loue is onely remedied by loue.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Pauſanias lou'd his wife with ſuch firme loue,
As no deſcription well could ſet it downe.
Perdicas for his loue to *Alexander*,
Refuſed mightie wealth in Macedon.
The Emperour *Claudius* would not loue or hate,
But as he vvas thereto by others led.
Scipio ſo lou'd the Poet *Ennius*,
That being dead, he kept his picture ſtill.
Zeno, although a Stoike, yet did yeeld,
That loue in young men was moſt requiſite.
Cicero not gain-ſaid vviſe men to loue,
So they might loue vvithout deepe cares and ſighes,

Of Hate.

Hate, is loues enemie, and Friendſhips foe:
Neighbour hoods bane, and Peaces ouerthrow.

HAte cannot worke, where nature planteth loue.
Hates eyes may ſlumber, but can hardly ſleepe.
Hatred is chiefeſt enemie to loue.
That which is held with hate, we feare to looſe.
Who hates himſelfe to loue another man,
Senceleſſe ſhould be eſteemed of all men.
The deadlieſt hate, with ſmiles, ſecurely ſtands.
Where rancour rules, there hate doth moſt preuaile;
Lewd loue is hate; and baſe deſire is ſhame.
Youth old in will, age young in hate doth make.
It is incident to them who many feare,
Many to them more grieuous hate doe beare.
In meekeneſſe maskes the moſt diſtemperd hate.
True faithfull loue will neuer turne to hate.
Men oft ſhewe fauour to conceale their hate.
Hatred attendeth on proſperitie.
The ſweeteſt loue, changing his properties
Turnes to the ſowreſt and moſt deadly hate.
Loue ſo, thou maiſt haue little feare to hate.
Few hate their faults; all hate of them to heare.

A rooted hate will hardly be displac'd.
Fie on the loue that hatcheth hate and death.
These are the greatest spoilers of a State.
Young councell, priuate gaine, and partiall hate.
Hate without might comes euermore too late.
A poore mans hate is very perillous.
Mercy may mend, whom hatred made transgresse.
From deepe desires, oft comes the deadliest hate.
Hatred must be beg wil'd by some new course,
Where States are strong, and Princes doubt their force.
Neuer put trust in them that hate their blood.
Hate seekes to salue his harmes by swift reuenge.
Enforced wedlock breeds but secret hate.
Hate euermore is blind, and so is loue.
In Vulgar eares delight it alwaies breedes,
To haue the hated authors of misdeeds.
Where hate doth rule, Lordship small safetie hath.
Hate nourrisheth contempt, debate, and rage.
Hate furrowes vp a graue to burie loue.
But few will follow them whom princes hate.
Hate and disdaine doe neuer brooke respect,
Consisting in true louing hearts neglect.
To colour hate with kindnesse, some commend.
Hid hate exceedeth open enmitie.
Lookes oft times hate, when as the heart doth loue.
No hate like that of friends, once chang'd to foes.
Who foster hate, can neuer find out loue.
Most happy he, to whome loue comes at last,
And doth restore what hate before did wast.
Hate many times is hid in smoothest lookes.
The wrong of friends exceeds the foe-mans hate.
Hate buried once, hurts deadly afterward.

A bad mans hate can neuer harme the good:
With pleasing speech men promise and protest,
When hatefull hearts lye lurking in their breast.
Whome all men hate, none is fond to loue.
Hate commonly doth most offend it selfe.
Hates winking is a prep'ratiue to death.

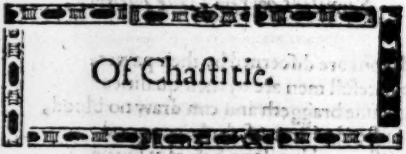
Similies on the same subiect.

AS Lyons are discerned by their pawes,
So hatefull men are by their qualities.
As enuie braggeth and can draw no blood,
So hate in stead of hurt, oft doth men good.
As greenest wood lies long before it burne,
So hate stands watching till fit time to harme.
As blindnes, led by blindnes, needs must fall,
So hate, vrg'de on by hate, harmes least of all.
As children for their faults haue slye excuses,
So hates smooth lookes hide very foule abuses.
As crauen Cocks make shew, yet dare not fight,
So hate makes proffers, when he dares not bite.

Examples likewise on the same.

DEmetrius *Phalerius* did condemne
Any that iustly could be said to hate.
Stesilus did procure *Themistocles*
Euen to the death to hate *Aristides*.
Cato and *Cæsar* hated not each other,
Vntill *Seruilia* made them enemies.
Clodius did hate the men that lou'd him most,

And therefore was of all abandoned.
Cicero saith, No honest citizen
Can be procur'd to hate his enemie.
Pindarus held no vice more odious,
Than enuious hatred, in what man so ere.



Chaste life is graces seale, deuotions staffe,
Marke of the iust, and crowne of martyrdome.

CHastitie is bright honours glorious crowne,
lost iewels may be found, Chastitie neuer:
That's lost but once, and once lost, lost for euer.
Shee is most chast, that's but enioyd of one.
Pure chastitie is beautie to our soules,
Grace to our bodies, peace to our desires.
We breake chast vowes when we liue loosely euer.
The purest incence on the altar smokes,
But chastest thoughts are Nectar in loues sight.
Chastitie lost, can neuer be restor'd.
Eternall thraldome rather should be wisht,
Than losse of chastitie, or chaunge of loue.
Chast loue is founded on a iust desire.

When

When chaſtitie is riſled of her ſtore,
Luſt, the proud theefe, is poorer than before.

Chaſt things are charie to the Gods themſelues.
Chaſt eyes are blind at any gaudie guiſt,
And deafe her eares to goodlieſt promiſes.

Chaſt eyes will baniſh luſtfull ſights away.
Riches and beautie praiſeth not a wife,
But pleaſing of her huſband, and chaſt life.

No princes wealth can prize true chaſtitie.
The browne complexion fam'd for chaſtitie,
Exceedeth farre the fair'ſt ſuſpected beautie.

No life to libertie, no loue like chaſtitie.
Chaſtitie beautifies the meaneſt coat,
Better than blame in richeſt cloathing clad.

Beautie vnchaſt is reckned nothing worth.
Chaſtitie, weakely can wit hit and proud wealth
And dignitie, both leagued to aſſault.

Chaſtitie is the crowne of happy life.
In wedlocke chaſtitie is ſpeciall good:
But more in Virgins life and widowhood.

Chaſtities wrongs, bondage awarrants not.
Chaſtitie is the beautie of the ſeule,
The ioy of heauen, beſt iewell here on earth.

Wanton deſire, chaſt lookes doth often hide.
Chaſtitie, charitie, and humilitie,
Are the United Vertues of the ſeule.

Frugalitie is badge of chaſtitie.
Beautie vnchaſt, is like the Mandrakes fruit,
Sightly in ſhew, but poyſonous in taſt.

Idlenes is the foe to chaſtitie.
Nothing in women worthy praiſe remaines,
If once their (glorie) chaſtitie be loſt.

Where gold's too plentie, chaſtitie growes cheape.
Faire is the face which promiſeth pure loue,

But that celeſtiall, liues by chaſtitie.
Fortitude, with chaſtlife, adorne the ſoule.
Shee is not chaſt that is by feare compeld:
Neither ſhe honeſt, that with need is wonne.
Modeſt and chaſt, is dourie rich enough,
Chaſtitie in extremitie is knowne,
And in the end crownd with eternitie.
A wandring eye bewrayes an vnchaſt mind.
With reaſons reines, chaſtitie bridles luſt.
Where needie want is ioynd with chaſtitie,
There Vncleane life gets ſome authoritie.
Chaſt eares cannot endure diſhoneſt talke.
The modeſt eye controles loues wanton ryot.
Chaſt modeſt thoughts beſeeme a wanton beſt.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS beautie lookes like flowers in the ſpring,
So chaſtitie is like the ſtarres of heauen.
As violets ſmell ſweet in any ſent,
So chaſtitie ſhines bright in euery eye.
As water-drops will pearce the hardeſt flint,
So chaſt reſolue o'recomes the proudeſt luſt.
As glaſſes broke, can neuer be repaird,
So chaſtitie once loſt, is ne're reſtor'd.
As luſt and libertie doth ſhorten life,
So chaſtitie makes endles liue the ſoule.
As champions by their manhood are beſt knowne,
So is good life by ſpotleſſe chaſtitie.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

THe Spartane virgins rather choſe to die,
Than looſe the honour of pure chaſtitie.

Nicanor

Nicanor moou'd a Thebane maid to luſt,
Which to preuent, ſhe gladly ſlue her ſelfe.
Lucrece once rifled of her chaſtitie,
Imagin'd following life, but infamie.
Dispentina, by her fathers hands,
Was done to death to ſaue her chaſtitie.
Varro did hold the man religious,
That made a conſcience of his chaſtitie.
Quintilian ſaith, That heauens chiefeſt gift,
Beſtowed on man, is bleſſed chaſtitie.

Of Beautie.

Beautie is Natures priuiledge, a cloſe deceit,
A ſhort times tyrant, and vaſt Monarchie.

BEautie but ſeldome ſeene, makes vs admire it.
Beautie is ſuch a bait that (ſwallowed) choakes.
Beauties beſt treaſure, is the owners harme.
Selfe-pleaſing ſoules doe play with beauties baites.
There is no name (if ſhee be falſe or not)
But being faire, ſome enuious tongue will blot.
Beautie doth varniſh age, as if new borne.
Where faire is not, no boot to paint the brow.
Beautie being borrowed, merits no regard.

Simples fit beautie, fie on drugges or Art.
Beautie doth swiftly quicken when 'tis night
But distant farre, murders, where 'tis belou'd.
Seldome want guests where beautie bids the feast.
Care and suspition is faire beauties dower.
Beautie brings perill, wanting safe protection.
Beautie at death can be bequeath'd to none.
Were beautie vnder twentie lockes kept fast,
Yet loue will through, and picke them all at last.
Nice fooles delight to be accounted faire.
Beautie is soonest lost, too choicely kept.
Beautie to beautie is alwaies benigne.
Beautie within it selfe should not be wasted.
Bright beautie is the bait, which with delight,
Doth most allure man to increase his kind.
Beautie and wealth are fraught with coy disdaine.
Beautie is often with it selfe at strife.
True beautie needs no other ornament.
Men praise the face, yet blame the flintie mind.
The fairest flower of beautie fades away,
Like the fresh Lillie in the Sun-shine day.
Swift time makes wrinkles in the fairest brow.
Faire women grieue to thinke they must be old.
Pittie and smiles doe best become the faire.
Beautie hath priuiledge to checke all dutie.
All things that faire, that pure, and glorious beene,
Offer themselues on purpose to be seene.
Alluring shewes most deepe impression strike.
Sweetly it fits the faire to wantonnize.
Nothing but crueltie misseemes the faire.
Beautie is nothing if it be not seene.
No greater curse to our blooming yeeres,
Than the cold badge of winter-blasted haires.
Beautie will be where is the most resort.

Beautie is mightie, yet her ſtrength but weake.
Beautie like Autumne fades and falls away.
Beautie hath power to ouercome the ſtrong.
Faire flowers that are not gathered in their prime,
Rot and conſume themſelues in little time.
The Summers beautie yeelds to winters blaſts.
By clouds of care beſt beauties are defac'd.
Beautie being ſhameleſſe, ſeemes a loathſome ſight,
Amongſt faire Roſes grow ſome ſtinking weeds.
The fairer and more beautifull the skie,
The ouglier ſeeme the clouds that in it lye.
Nothing ſo ſoone allures as beautie doth.
Religion is auſtere, but beautie milde.
The fair'ſt in ſhew muſt carrie all away.
At faireſt ſignes, beſt welcome is surmiz'd.
Beautie in heauen and earth this grace doth win,
It ſupples rigor, and it leſſens ſinne.
Dainties are made for taſt, beautie for vſe.
Seeds ſpring from ſeeds, and beauty beauty breedeth.
Beautie oft crazeth like a broken glaſſe.
Both old and young, and all would faireſt be.
Hardly perfection is ſo abſolute,
But ſome impuritie doth it pollute.
A ſmall fault ſoone impaires the ſweeteſt beautie.
The verie faireſt hath her imperfection.
Beautie to dwell with woe, deformes it ſelfe.
As faireſt beautie fades, ſo loue growes cold.
Beautie it ſelfe, doth of it ſelfe perſuade
The eyes of men, without an Orateur.
If beautie were not, loue were quite confounded.
The faireſt flowers [illegible]ue not the ſweeteſt ſmell.
The painted face ſets forth no perfect blood.
The beautie of the mind excels the face.
Deſire being Pilot, and bright beautie prize,

Who

Who can feare sinking where such treasure lyes?
Beautie is able sorrow to beguile.
There's none so faire, whose beautie all respect.
The faireſt buds are sooneſt nipt with frosts.
Who builds on beautie, builds but for a while.
Beautie is euer held so much more faire,
By how much lesse her hate makes loue despaire.
That's quickly staind, which is the pureſt fine.
In faireſt stone small raine soone makes a print.
Ill fare that faire which inwardly is foule.
Beautie is inward vertue of the soule.
Wee trample grasse, and prize the flowers in MAY,
Yet grasse is greene, when faireſt flowers decay.
The loue of beautie, Reason quite forgets.
The cause of loue is only beauties lookes.
Beautie and youth once baniſht, ne're returne.
Chaſt thoughts, makes beautie be immortalliz'd.
Faire beautie is the sparke of hot desire,
And sparkes in time will kindle to a fire.
Sickneſſe and age are beauties chiefeſt foes.
Weeds oft times grow, when faireſt flowers fade.
Beautie is like a faire, but fading flower.
Where beautie moſt abounds, there wants moſt ruth.
The goodlieſt gemme being blemiſht with a cracke,
Looseth both beautie and the vertue too.
Beautie doth whet the wit, makes bold the will.
Beautie makes Art to worke beyond it selfe.
Vnhoneſt beautie is a deadly poyson.
Vertue-leſſe beautie doth deserue no loue.
The faireſt flower nipt with the winters froſt,
In shew seemes worser than the baseſt weed.
The perfect glaſſe of vertue, beautie is.
No bait so sweet as beautie, to the eye.
White seemes the fairer when as blacke is by.

The pureſt Lawne is apt for euery ſtaine.
Better it is with beautie to be blinded,
Than beauties graces ſhould be blindly minded.
Beautie is tearm'd the miſtreſſe of delight.
Beautie oft iniures them endued therewith.
Beautie enflates and puffeth vp the mind.
Humilitie with beautie ſeldome is.
Beautie brings fancie to a daintie feaſt,
And makes a man, that elſe were but a beaſt,
Man of all creatures is moſt beautifull.
Beautie not proud, nothing more excellent.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

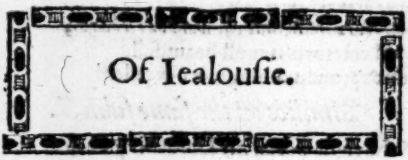
AS the right Corall need no other grace,
So Artleſſe beautie beſt ſets forth the face.
As fineſt cloth will ſooneſt catch a ſtaine,
So faireſt lookes may ſhadow minds moſt vaine.
As greateſt feaſts ſeldome can want fit friends,
So beauties houſe will hardly lacke reſort.
As medlers with the fire are eaſily ſcorcht,
So they that gaze on beautie ſoone are caught.
As coldeſt Climates haue their Summer dayes,
So cooleſt thoughts are fir'd at beauties blaze.
As that ſame Speare which harme muſt heale the wound,
So looke where beautie kills, it muſt reuiue.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

HERCULES being a mightie conquerour,
Yet vaild his courage at faire beauties feet.
The Lybian Lyons looſe their fierceſt might,
If of a beauteous face they once get ſight.
The Scythian Lord, by nature dull and rude,
By ſight of beautie loſt this ſeruitude.
Alceſtaes beautie made *Maanders* Syvannes,

To

To leaue the flood and on her ſhoulders pearch.
Chryſippus held, that beautie did preſerue
Kindnes, and all ſocietie with men.
Zeno, the Prince of Stoickes did agree,
That beautie, like could very hardly be.



Iealouſie is hells torment to the mind,
Quite quenching reaſon, and encreaſing rage.

LOue euer laughes when Iealouſie doth weepe,
If age be iealous, youth will be vntrue.
No hell can be compar'd to iealouſie.
Thus ſtill we find, where iealouſie is bred,
Hornes in the mind are worſe than on the head.
Suſpect bewraies our thoughts, betraies our words,
Suſpitious eyes are meſſengers of woe.
Iealous ſuſpect is linked with deſpaire.
Wel fares the man, how ere his cates doe taſt,
That tables not with foule ſuſpition.
Better to die, than be ſuſpitious.
Truſt not too ſoone, nor all too light miſtruſt.

Mistrust doth treason in the trustiest raies,
Where Iealousie directeth forward wils,
Beauties sweet dalliance with despight it kills.
Iealousie kindles enuies quenchlesse fire.
Suspition alwaies haunts a guiltie mind.
Suspition often wounds as deepe as death.
When sweet repose doth calme the troubled mind,
Then base suspect soon'st leaues his sting behind.
Dangerous suspect still waits on loues delight.
Suspition oft times breeds a further ill.
Once guiltie, and suspected euermore.
O Iealousie, when truth once takes thy part,
No mercie-wanting Tyrant so seuere,
No secrecie can be without suspect,
Iealousie is the father of reuenge.
Iealousie pines it selfe to death aliue.
Thy wife being faire be not thou iealious,
Because suspition cures not womens follies.
Iealousie growes extreame, by lengthning it.
Iealous man no counsell will admit.
Iealousie is the fruit of suddaine choice.
The heart being once infect with iealousie,
Griefe is the night, and day darke miserie.
O thraldome like the yoke of iealousie.
Suspition giues continuall cause of care.
Iealousie is Disdaines blacke harbinger.
Iealousie is the torment of the mind.
For which, nor wit, nor counsell helpe can find.
Suspition wounds, but iealousie strikes dead.
Suspect sends men too swiftly to their end
Who trauailes in suspect, are bound to haste.
Too much suspition of another, is
Ast condemning of our owne amisse.
Actions kept priuat, doe most preiudice.

Suſpition needs no vrger but it ſelfe.
Wiſe men haue alvvaies hated iealouſie.
Where once ſuſpition breedeth enmitie,
'Tis hard with ſhewes to compaſſe amitie.
Iealouſie murdereth hoſpitalitie.
Iealouſie rootes vp all good neighbourhood.
Iealouſie reckons friends no more than foes.

[*Similies on the ſame ſubiect.*

AS no content is like the ſvveets of loue,
So no deſpaire can match vvith iealouſie.
Loue, as it is diuine vvith loyaltie,
So is it helliſh, vvrapt in iealouſie.
As from ſmall brookes great riuers doe ariſe,
So huge diſtemper ſprings from iealouſie.
As Crovves do deeme their brood the faireſt birds,
So Iealous men their ovvne choiſe moſt commend.
As ſhippes in tempeſts, by the vvinds are toſt,
So fond conceits doe hurrie iealous heads.
As kindneſſe doth delight in companie,
So is it poyſon to mad iealouſie.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

THe Perſians vvere ſo iealous of their vviues,
As but in vvaggons they ne're vvent abroad.
Phanius lockt vp his wife through iealouſie,
Whereby ſhe compaſt vvhat ſhe could not elſe.
Procrus vvas ſlaine through her ovvne iealouſie,
Hid in a buſh to vvatch her husbands vvalke.
Argus, albeit he had an hundred eyes,

Yet could not keepe from *Io, Iupiter.*
Cicero calleth Iealouſie, a feare.
Of looſing that belongs to ones owne ſelfe.
Chryſippus holds, that iealouſie ill brookes
A partner in the thing it moſt eſteemes.

Wit & Wiſdome.

Wiſdome is Natures child, Experience heire,
Diſcretely rul'd, while Wit gads euery where.

VVIſdome ſeemes blind, vvhen ſhe beholdeth beſt.
Wiſdome grovvne vvealthie, liueth then at quiet.
No vviſdome vvith extremities to deale.
It's wiſdome to giue much: a gift preuailes
When deepe perſwading Oratorie failes.
Mans vvit doth build for time but to deuoure.
Wiſdome is alvvaies held the chiefeſt vvealth.
Ech ſoyle or countrey is a vviſe mans home.
He is not wiſe, that hauing ſcapte a harme
Will afterward goe meddle with it more.
Faire ſober ſpeed, is counted vviſdomes haſt.
All after-vvit, is euer dearely bought.
Wiſdome bids ſtay, though foot be in the gate.
Not cowardiſe, but wiſdome warnes to yeeld,
When fortune aids the proud inſulting foe.

Feed fooles with toyes, and wise men with regard.
When clouds appeare, wise men put on their cloakes,
He wisely walketh that doth safely goe.
All places that the eye of heauen surueies,
Are (to a wise man) happie ports and hauens,
What wise men see, the vulgar little thinke.
Sad pause and deepe regard, becomes the wise.
Warie fore-sight doth master head-strong will.
Wise men doe seldome sit and wayle their woes,
But presently preuent the waies to waile.
No common things can please a wandring wit,
Without discretion, vertue seemes like vice.
Good wit ill vsde, may harme a common-wealth.
Wisdome commaunds to part the dead and sicke,
Least they infect the faultlesse and the quicke.
Discretion practiseth the things are good.
In loue, discretion is the chiefest helpe.
Ouer discretion, Fortune hath no power.
All after-wit is like a shower of raine,
That falls vntimely on the ripened graine.
Sharpenesse of wit quickly enflames desire.
What strength denyes, wit may aspire vnto.
Wit bendeth not where will doth shew most force.
If thou haue lost by fore-wits rash preuention,
Win it againe by after-wits contention.
Who trusteth most his wit, is ignorant.
Wisdome in midst of rage appeareth best.
By others faults wise men reforme their owne.
The Pilot, that by skill the ship doth guide
And not by might: makes vessels brooke the tyde.
Wisdome is poore, her dowrie is content,
To play the foole well, is good signe of wit.
Some little pause doth helpe the quickest wit.
Wise men for fortune doe so well prouide,

That though she shake them, yet they will not slide.
Wisdome will flourish when as folly fades.
True wisdome bids, rather doe well than speake.
Wise-men haue companie, though left alone.
Wisdome must iudge twixt men apt to amend,
And minds incurable, borne to offend.
A wise mans countrey is the world throughout.
Wisdome is wealth, euen to the poorest wretch.
Natures imperfect things, wisdome makes right.
Reformed wit can scant so iustly deeme,
But that it leaues true goods, for such as seeme.
Wisdome doth beautifie meane pouertie.
Vnskilfull heads run reckles on their will.
Sound iudgement slightly weighes opinion.
Too few there be that doe discreetly learne,
What profit rightly ought themselues concerne.
Who trusts his wit, by wit is soonest tript.
By wit we speake, by wit the mind is rul'd.
By wit we gouerne all our actions.
Wit in a woman, like to oyle enflam'd,
Kindles great vertue, or much vanitie.
Wit is the load-starre of ech humane thought.
Wise men will take their oportunities.
All wisdomes heires are iealous of their fall.
Wisdome hath charmes and incantations,
Can tame huge spirits and outragious passions.
How to beleeue, from wisdome doth proceed.
High is the seat which wisdome doth commend.
'Tis wisdome when we winne, to winne to saue.
When all gainst one, and none for him will speake,
Who thinkes himselfe most wise, will prooue too weake.
Will doth desire, what wisdome still reprooues.
Wisdome breeds care, but folly want doth bring.
Wit daunceth many times, when folly pipes.

T'attempt with others daunger, not our owne,
A chiefeſt part of wiſdome may be knowne.
Tis wiſdome not to be too credulous.
Short liued wits doe wither as they grow.
Home ſtill is yrkeſome to a wandring wit.
Wiſe men haue euermore preferred farre.
Th'vniuſteſt peace, before the iuſteſt warre
Vnwiſe weaues he that takes two webbes in hand.
Things well regarded, longeſt doe endure.
Fore-ſight doth ſtill on all aduantage wait.
It is no wiſdome to enlarge a thrall,
Whoſe freedome may returne thee greater harme,
The office of vviſdome, is to ſhadovv griefe.
Wiſdome is that vvhereby the ſoule doth liue.
Wiſdome is plentifull in good examples.
Thoſe wits that know how much faire graces moeue,
May thereby draw ſound arguments of loue.
Wit getteth vvealth, but none by vvealth get vvit.
No noble badge like ornament of vvit.
Nothing more fine than vvit, nothing more fickle.
Men that neglect their owne for want of wit,
Make ſomething nothing, by augmenting it.
Wit vvonne by induſtrie is hardly loſt.
When age approcheth, vviſdome vvaxeth young.
Wiſdome makes poore men rich, rich, honourable,
All pearles are not deriued from one ſhell,
Ner all good wits wit hin one countrey dwell.
Iuſtice, not ioyn'd vvith vviſdome's crueltie.
Wiſdome in man, is no meane happineſſe.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS from the earth the plough all brambles cleares,
So vviſdome from the mind all vices roote.
As vviſe men for them-ſelues are meeteſt ſcribes,

So fooles ne're eare vvhat ſtraunger knovves their hearts,
As braſſe or yrõn (by vſe) become moſt bright:
So wit imploy'd, ſhine faire in all mens ſight,
As emptie veſſels yeeld the lowdeſt ſound,
So thoſe of meaneſt wit will prattle moſt.
As Bees by their owne hony oft are hurt,
So wit by wiſdome many times is ſcourg'd.
As Sea-crabs vſe to ſwimme againſt the ſtreame,
So wit with wiſdome alwaies will contend.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

C AEſar in his great fortunes gloried,
Yet by his wiſdome all were brought to paſſe.
Antonius the Emperour was ſo wiſe,
He ne're repented what-ſo e're he did.
Scipio, accuſ'd vniuſtly, by his wit
In making anſwere, wonne himſelfe renowne,
The Senate did acquite *Emilius Scaurus*,
Onely becauſe he anſwer'd wittily.
Plato in his *Conuiuium* doth affirme,
That wiſdome is the onely guift in man.
Tullie termes wiſdome, miſtreſſe of this life,
Likewiſe, an Art inſtructing to liue well.

Of Learning.&c.

Learning and Knowledge are the lampes of life, Chiefe guides to Artes and all perfections.

LEarning in ſpight of fate will mount aloft.
Vaine is the Arte that will deceiue it ſelfe.
Midas baſe brood doe ſit in honours chaires,
Whereto the Muſes ſonnes are onely heires.
Art hath a world of ſecrets in her power.
There is no age ought thinke too late to learne.
The world doth ſmile on euery ſottiſh clowne,
And moſt vngently treadeth learning downe.
Oft higheſt worthes are paid with ſpightfull hire.
Art is but baſe with them that knowe it not.
None haue more hard or more obdurate minds,
Than ſcicrous harebraines, and illiterate hinds.
The rareſt gifts doe need no trumpets ſound.
Learning by vertue is more beautifull.
True Art can wound as deepe as any ſteele.
Who may haue helpe aſſuredly elſe where,
In vaine ſeeke wonders out of Magique Art.
Knowledge is hurtfull, if diſcretion want.
Art muſt be wonne by Art, and not by might.
Needs muſt thoſe men be blind, and blindly led,
Where no good leſſons can be learn'd or read.

Nature

Nature is moſt of all adorn'd by Artes.
The pureſt ſtudie ſeeketh heauenly things.
learning hath power to drawe men waxen rude,
To ciuill loue of Art and fortitude.
Wit learned vs what ſecrets Science yeelds.
Artes periſh, wanting honour and applauſe.
learning can bridle the infernall kind:
To wit, the perturbations of the mind.
The prieſt vnpaid can neither ſing nor ſay.
Skill, and the loue of skill, doe euer kiſſe.
Fooles will find faults without the cauſe diſcerning,
and argue moſt, of that they haue no learning.
No bond of loue ſo ſtrong as knowledge is.
Learning, to graue experience, ought to bow.
True Science ſuted well in couched rimes,
Is nouriſhed for fame in after-times.
Learning to conqueſt addeth perpetuitie.
Learning firſt founder was of publique vveales.
When dolts haue lucke, on honours ſlep to ſtay:
let Schollers burne their bookes, and goe to play.
Learning is ages comfort, youthes beſt guide.
Learning makes young men ſober, old men vviſe.
Dull idiots neuer learning doe deſire,
But hate all ſuch as are by nature wiſe.
To vnlearne euill, that beſt learning is.
Opinion vvithout learning is not good.
Some men ſo ſtriue in cunning to excell,
That oft they marre the worke before was well.
Knovvledge continues vvhen all vvealth elſe vvaſts.
Knovvledge in all things is right profitable.
The mind withdrawne from ſtudie, for ſupplies,
Is learnings wracke, where want doth tyrannize.
To knovv, and vvant performance, is miſhap.
Beſt knovveledge is for men to knovv themſelues.

Coy readers deeme, that dull conceits proceed
From ignorance, the cauſe being onely need.

Poets are borne, but Oratours are made.
Poetrie quickeneth vvit, ſvveetens diſcourſe.
Poets ſcant ſweetly write, except they meet
With ſound rewards for ſermouing ſo ſweet.
Learning and knowledge good minds moſt deſire.
Knowledge, before all elſe ſhould be preferd.
True learning hath a bodie abſolute,
That in apparant ſence it ſelfe can ſute.
Breuitie is great praiſe of eloquence.
Silence in vviſe men is ſvveet eloquence.
The man that ſcorneth all the Artes of ſchoole,
Lacheth but a long coat, to be natures foole.
Eloquence is the ornament of ſpeech.
Eloquence makes bad matters oft ſeeme good.
They which doe like all Artes which can be thought,
Doe comprehend not any as they ought.
Experience is the miſtreſſe of old age.
Men rich in knovvledge hate all other vvealth.
Artes, which right hard doe ſeeme at our firſt ſight,
By tryall are made eaſie, quicke and light.
Experience, times characters raceth out.
Knovvledge diſtinguiſheth tvvixt men and beaſts.
learning will liue, and Vertue ſtill ſhall ſhine
When follie dyes, and ignorance doth pine.
Learning vvith courage, make a man complete.
Let Guns ſeruе govvnes, and bucklers yeeld to books.
Arts vvant may ſtop our tongues, but not our teares.

Similies.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS learning helps to purchaſe all men fame,
So (truly learn'd) doth more renovvne their name.
As ground vntil'd can neuer bring forth graine,
So vnlearn'd valour fruitleſſe taketh paine.
As men by folly differ from the Gods,
Euen ſo by knovvledge come they neereſt them.
As Bees ſucke hony out of diuers flovvers,
So out of Sciences men knovvledge learne.
As ſeales imprint their liuely forme in vvaxe,
So Poets in dull minds ſvveet thoughts impreſſe.
As Muſique quickens diſcontented hearts,
So drovvſie ſoules are cheer'd vvith eloquence.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

A *Alexander* honoured *Ariſtotle*,
And made his pillovv *Homers Iliades*.
In campe or elſe-vvhere *Caſar* alvvaies bare,
His Commentaries as his boſome-friend.
Robert King of Scicill vs'd to ſay,
Kingdome and all goe, ere I learning looſe.
Ptolomie Philadelphus, learnings friend,
Fiue hundred thouſand bookes had in his ſtudie.
Man (as ſaith *Ariſtotle*) vvas create
To vnderſtand and aftervvard to doe.
Oh Science (ſaid graue *Plato*) hovv vvould men
Loue and eſteeme thee, if they knevv thee right?

Of Kings & Princes.

Kings are the images of God on earth:
And therefore they are cal'd, Gods of the earth.

KIngs like to Gods should gouerne euery thing.
Monarchs misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.
Vahappie kings, that neuer may be taught
To know themselues, or to discerne their faults.
Princes are glasses to their subiects eyes.
The liues of princes are their subiects bookes.
To whome should subiects for true iustice flie,
When Kings themselues doe reigne by tyrannie?
The greatest scandale waits on greatest state.
Poore groomes are sightlesse night; Kings, glorious day.
a King should euer priuiledge his pleasure,
and make his Peeres esteeme it as their treasure.
The cares of kings, wyast life, and hasten age.
Within one land, one single sway is best
Princes like Sunnes are euermore in sight,
all see the clouds that doe eclipse their light.
Diuided kingdomes make deuided hearts.
Good deeds from kings must not be drawne perforce.
a Princes wealth, in spending still doth spread,
like to a poole with many fountaines fed.
Minions too great, argue a king too weake.

Kings

Kings sleeping, see with eyes of other men.
Whereas proud conquest keepeth all in awe,
Kings oft are forc'd in servile yokes to draw.
A kings great armé doth reach from shore to shore.
Kings vse their loues as garments they haue worne,
Princes haue but their titles for their glorie,
And outward honour for an inward toyle.
Kings pardon death, but cannot pardon shame.
Kings want no means t'accomplish what they would.
Princes, for meere vnfelt imaginations,
Do often feele a world of restlesse care.
It shames a Prince to say, *IF THAT I COVLD.*
Kings liues reputed are their subiects lights.
Betweene kings titles and their lowly name,
There's nothing differs but the outward frame.
No common fortunes can once blemish kings.
A begging prince, what begger pitties not?
Where Angels in the cause of Kings doe fight,
Weake men must fall, for heauen regards the right.
A king, woes slaue, must kingly woe obey.
Kings may winne kingdoms, but not conquer hearts.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea,
Can wash the balme from an annointed king.
The linkes of princes loue, are blood and warre.
Poore priuat men sound not their princes hearts.
This fault is euer incident to kings,
Too much to credit ouer-pleasing things.
Princes respect their honour more than blood.
To be a Prince, is more than be a man.
The man that at a subiects life doth aime,
To the princes bodie giues a priuie maime.
Princes like Lyons neuer will be tam'd.
Kings will be onely, competitors must downe.
Oaths are Vanoted where-soe're they sit,

But

But Eagles gaz'd vpon with euery eye.
A kings great name makes not his fault the leſſe.
Deſire of ſoueraigntie reſpects no faith.
Fooliſh the begger, that to touch a crowne,
Would with the ſcepter ſtrait be ſmitten downe.
The threats of kings are like the thunders noiſe.
Kings haue long armes, and rulers reach at large.
Princes are as the glaſſe, the ſchoole, the booke,
Where ſubiects eyes doe learne, doe read, doe looke.
Maieſtie ſhines like lightning from the Eaſt.
A princes will ought not exceed his law.
Mildneſſe doth better ſute with maieſtie,
Than raſh reuenge, and rough ſeueritie.
Princes deſires are many times corrupt.
Princes oft fauour flatterers more than friends.
Kings doe approach the nereſt vnto God,
By giuing life and ſafetie to their people.
Vnworthie mens preferment, ſhames the prince.
Kings Courts are held as vniuerſall ſchooles.
Succeeding heapes of plagues doe teach too late,
To learne the miſchiefes of miſguided ſtate.
Kings by example ſinne more than by act.
Kings ſeates for ſoules diſtreſt, are ſanctuaries.
The youth of Princes haue no bounds for ſinne,
Vnleſſe them-ſelues doe make them bounds within.
Princes oft purchaſe quiet with price of wrong.
With for good princes, but endure the ill.
Subiects may well complaine, but not correct,
A princes faults, they beare more high reſpect.
No ruler yet could euer all content.
The face of kings makes faultie ſubiects feare.
Kings, Lords of times and of occaſions,
May take aduantage when and how they liſt.
It's hard to rule, and pleaſe both good and bad.

ew kings doe feare when old Courts furder ſtraine.
Poore maieſtie, that other men muſt guide:
Whoſe diſcontent can neuer looke aright.
hen princes worke, who then will idle ſtand?
eaſants may beare, but kings muſt needs requite.
Who would all maſtring maieſtie deſeat
Of her beſt grace: that is to make men great,
princes wrath is meſſenger of death.
hat els is pompe, rule, raigne, but earth and duſt?
Kings muſt haue ſome be hated worſe than they,
On whome they may their weight of enuie lay,
ride is no ornament for diademes.
lſe-loue doth very ill beſeeme a Prince.
Bleſt is that league, where cities further Kings,
And kings doe further them in other things.
ings that would haue lawes kept, muſt rule themſelues.
raue heads are meeteſt Councellors for kings.
Looke what a King doth moſt of all embrace,
To that his ſubiects will enclyne as faſt.
he ſtrength of princes is their ſubiects loue.
ings ought be free from partialitie.
Sleepleſſe ſuſpitson, pale diſtruſt, cold feare,
Alwaies with princes company doth beare.
ings ſhould be fathers to their common-weales.
ings ſhould preferre them moſt that ſeeke it leaſt.
A Prince not fear'd, hath oft his death conſpir'd,
and dreaded Princes haue their deaths deſir'd.
aieſtie ſcornes to looke on cowardiſe.
ings reaſons ſhould be more than their opinions.
What elſe are kings when regiment is gone,
But like to ſhadowes in a Sun ſhine day.
ſubiects wrongs, princes ſuſtaine abuſe.
s greater care to keepe, than get a crowne.
Kings fauours in their eye-lids vſe to hang,

N

Ready

Ready with euery winke to be wip'd out.
He is no king, that is affections slaue.
No fall like his that falleth from a crowne.
Kings are not tearmed Gods for wearing crownes,
But for o're fame and fortune they are Lords.
Misgouern'd kings are cause of common wracke.
Kings chaunging customes, euer feare a chaunge;
Iest not with Princes of that thou be wise:
For in vnequallest great daunger lyes.
Kings are their subiects ioy, their countries hope.
True subiects hearts are princes chiefest stay.
In Princes, these two qualities well fit:
For strength a Lyon, and a Foxe for wit.
Great perils are compriz'd within a crowne,
Beggers make maiestie a gazing marke.
True iustice is the chiefe and onely thing
That is requir'd and looked for in a king.
Mislikes are sillie iets, where kings resolue.
Iust soueraingtie can neuer be displac'd.
A king, bereft of all his trustie friends,
Is dead alriue: for fame and honour ends.
All lawfull princes, first or last preuaile.
A princes safetie is his peoples loue.
Who hath been kneel'd vnto, can hardly kneele,
Or begge for that which once hath 'een his owne.
Kings greatnes stands on the great king of heauen.
No maiestie, where vertue is despis'd.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS Princes wills are commonly held lawes,
So life or death dependeth on their lookes.
As often burials is Physicians shame,
So many deaths argue a kings hard raigne.
As beasts obey the Lordly lyons looke,

meane eſtate muſt mightie princes brooke.
the Sun-beames doe lighten all the would,
princes liues are lanternes to their lands.
Prrinces wanting wealth, learne tyrannie,
too much treaſure makes them vicious.
biggeſt winds enkindle greateſt flames.
much ſubmiſſion makes a king moſt mild.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

He Kings of Perſia, alwaies ſhewed themſelues
More ſubiect to the law, than to their Lords.
Antiochus told his ſonne *Demetrius*,
hat kingly rule was noble ſlauerie.
lus the ſonne of *Nemrod*, was firſt king
hat in this world had title of that name.
he Romane kings did vſe to weare no crownes,
t alwaies bare their ſcepters in their hands.
lly ſaith, then 'tis beſt to checke a prince,
hen he forgets himſelfe to be a prince.
rates wil'd good kings preferre their friends,
d ſhewe ſome kindneſſe to their enemies.

Of Kingdomes.

he Kingdome, Countrey, and the Cõmon-weale,
re things that ſubiects loue doe moſt reueale.

Kingdomes

KIngdomes are Fortunes flattering gifts, ſoone loſt.
Kingdomes are burd'nous to the wiſeſt men.
Concord doth keepe a Realme in ſtable ſtay,
When diſcord brings all kingdomes to decay.
Wretched the ſtate where men deſire to die.
Who ſtriues to alter lawes, diſturbes the ſtate.
Kingdomes are commonly much ſooner loſt,
Than kept: doſſi'd, than had with mightie coſt.
Kingdomes are Fortunes fatall teniſe balls.
A wicked king, makes a more wicked land.
A man that takes delight in doing ill,
To trouble all the State deuiſeth ſtill.
In a well-gouern'd ſtate one head is beſt.
Some men vnwilling benefit their land.
Pooles ſet in office, doe their ſtlewes reueale:
and meaning well, moſt hurt the common-weale.
Some vnawares their countries good preferre.
All earthly kingdomes, euen as men muſt periſh.
Kingdomes are rul'd but badly, where the baſe
Will check the chiefe that ſit in higheſt place.
No ſtate ſtands ſure but on the grounds of right.
Realmes neuer get by chaunge, but paine and loſſe.
When lawes are made, they ought to be obay'd,
and rulers willes with reuerence to be weigh'd.
Wiſdome and care are kingdomes chiefeſt props.
Rude multitudes are kingdomes ouerthrow.
By nature, man vnto the worſt is bent,
If wholſome ſtatutes ſtay not his intent.
Innocent men are common-weales beſt treaſure.
Innocence makes kingdoms flouriſh more than arms.
That kingdome ought of right to be deſtroy'd,
Which once was Vertues flower, now Vices weed.
Wiſe princes are their kingdomes comforters.
Vniuſt exactions killes a common-vveale.

No greater daunger to a common-wealth,
Than when vnskilfull leaders guide her powers.
Kingdomes are nothing elſe but common care.
Where fools beare rule, the common vvealth decaies.
In realmes a many ſee how broyles begin,
But few reſpect the end, and remedie.
Where vviſe men are neglected, kingdomes periſh.
No nearer kinred can be, than our countrey.
There are no common-weales more looſe and bad,
Than where the commons haue moſt libertie.
Our countrey, parents, kin, claime part in vs.
Our countries loue ought be moſt deare to vs.
Authorities of common-weales decay,
VVhere buildings waſt, and careleſſe heads beare ſway.
Where any may liue vvell, that is his countrey.
Remembrance of our countrey is moſt ſweet.
In common-weales ſuch ſhould be honour'd moſt,
As ſhew their care both in ſterne warre and peace.
Our countrey firſt by nature claimeth vs.
Sweet is the death in cauſe of common-vveale.
The gouernment of common-weales and ſtate,
VVill (without wiſdome) ſoone be ruinate.
Revvard and puniſhment are kingdomes keyes.
Peace in a common-vvealth is mellodie.
There's nothing can impreſſe ſo deare conſtraint,
As countries cauſe and common foes diſdaine.
Men of deſert, their countrey leaſt eſteemes.
Diſcretion beſt doth rule a common-vveale.
That kingdome may be counted fortunate,
VVhere no man liueth by anothers ſweat.
Seditious heads diſturbe the common good,
Vnruly members ſoone ſhould be lopt off.

Similies

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

As Sſpring and Autumne hazard health by chaunge,
So innouations harme a common-wealth.
Looke how the body void of members is,
Euen ſo are kingdomes diſpoſſeſt of lawes.
As ſhips in tempeſts need all helping hands,
So in a kingdome none muſt idlely ſtand.
As many Elements one temper frame,
So diuers mens endeauours helpe the ſtate.
As from the heart all members haue their life,
So from the common-wealth comes each mans good.
As Captaines are the eyes to lead their men,
So kings are Load-ſtarres to their common-weales.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Vliſſes lou'd ſo deare his natiue land,
As for it, he refus'd to be immortall.
Aglaurus to redeeme his countries peace,
From Athens walls himſelfe threw headlong downe.
Faire *Iphigenia* for her kingdomes good,
Made willing ſacrifice of her owne blood.
King *Codrus*, rather than his realme ſhould periſh,
Gladdly did runne vpon his foe mens ſwords.
Xenophon did thinke them vnwoothie life,
That made no conſcience of the common-wealth.
He that denyes to die in countries cauſe,
Deſerues (ſaith *Tullie*) hate of all good men.

Of Nobilitie.

Nobilitie, is a ſir-name or a praiſe,
Which to our ſelues by vertue we doe raiſe.

A Noble nature no miſhap can daunt.
Vertue feeds ſcorne; and nobleſt honour, ſhame.
A noble mind doth neuer dread miſchaunce.
That which in meane men we call patience,
In noble men, is pale cold cowardiſe.
Noblenes neuer ſtoopes to ſeruile feare.
A noble heart doth ſtill contemne diſpaire.
Oft noble deeds by falſhood are defac'd.
Good gifts are ſometimes giuen to men paſt good:
And nobleſſe ſtoopes oft times beneath his blood.
Our vertues makes vs noble, nothing elſe.
Nobilitie from kinred is but borrowed.
It is thine owne deſerts ennobles thee.
He is not noble, but moſt baſely bred,
That ranſackes tombes, and doth deface the dead.
A noble nature is to all men kind.
Nobilitie contemneth flatterie.
A noble reſolution makes men iuſt.
Nobilitie is beſt continued,
By thoſe conuenient meanes that made it riſe.

In boldeſt actions, nobleſſe ſhine moſt cleare,
He is not noble, beares a niggards mind.
True nobleſſe is a ſigne of happie life.
In chaunge of ſtreames ech fiſh makes ſhift to liue,
And euery place a noble mind contents.
Nobilitie (to bad men) is reproch.
To vertuous men, nobilitie brings glorie.
Nothing are noble titles worth, if life be bad.
If nobleſſe gets but a minutes ſtaine,
An hundred yeares ſcant makes it well againe.
Truth is the title of true nobleneſſe.
'Tis vertue onely giues nobilitie.
In vertues loue no noble mind diſmayes.
Faire ſpeech, with vſage affable and kind,
Wipes malice out of any noble mind.
Much babbling doth offend a noble eare.
A noble nature is religious.
Pouerties beſt friend, is the noble mind.
Noble diſcents make vertue more diuine.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS none but Eagles gaze againſt the Sunne,
So none but vertuous eyes diſcerne nobilitie.
As credit from opinion often comes,
So from deſert enſues nobilitie.
As bricks from clay haue their originall,
So nobleſſe firſt roſe from meane parentage.
As groſſe thicke clouds obſcure the Snns faire light,
So muddie crimes diſgrace nobilitie.
As bitter roots may yet yeeld pleſant fruit,
So meane diſcent may bring forth noble minds.
As in the barren ground beſt gold doth grow,
So pooreſt race ſtaines not true nobleſſe.

Examples

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Camillus did expreſſe a noble mind,
In ſafe returning the *Falerian* youthes,
Pyrrhus well found *Fabritius* noble nature,
When his phiſition would haue poyſon'd him.
Lyſander in his famous victories,
Euer declar'd his minds true nobleneſſe.
Catilines wicked life diſgraced him,
And quite obſcur'd his former noble race.
The name of noblenes (ſaith *Cicero*)
Muſt giue them place that by their vertue claime it.
Plato affirmeth, that a noble heart
Will not by baſe attempts once wrong it ſelfe.

Of Honor & diſhonour.

Honour, is that the mind doth couet moſt,
And no diſhonour like that honour loſt.

HOnour once loſt can neuer be repair'd.
Honour, ambitious womens ſexe doth pleaſe.
It is no honour to be Princes heires:
When we can boaſt, but onely birth is theirs.

Their fall is great that from high honour slide.
Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.
Honour was first ordained for no cause,
But to see right maintained by the lawes.
To honour, beautie is a due by right.
Die rather, then doe ought dishonour yeelds.
True loue doth alwaies bring forth bounteous deeds,
And in good minds desire of honour breeds.
It is more honour to preserue, than spill.
Who cheapeneth honour, must not stand on price.
Fie on the fame for which good fame is sold,
Or honour with indignitie embac'd.
Honour is grounded on the tickle Ice.
No kingly vaile can couer villanie.
An honourable graue is more esteem'd
Than the polluted closet of a King.
No sceptre serues dishonour to excuse.
No subtill plea reuokes dishonours error.
Profit with honour still must be commixt,
Or else our actions are but scandalous.
Honour and enuie are companions.
Honour is purchas'd by the deeds we doe.
To frustrate them that but expect their due,
Doth ill beseeme an honourable mind.
On generall bruit, honour doth most depend.
With painfull toyle is honour soonest found.
Honour will hardly fellowship endure,
Nor neuer Crowne co riuall could abide.
Some honour liues in honourable spoile.
'Tis honour to forgiue a yeelding foe.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing:
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate.
Danger hath honour; great dessignes their fame.
Honour's a thing without vs, not our owne.

It

It's honour to deprive disshonour'd life:
The one will liue, the other being dead.
Honour by oath, ought right poore Ladies wrongs.
Honours are smoakes, and dignities haue cares.
Honour and beautie in the owners armes,
Are weakely fortrest from a world of harmes.
Honour releiues a foe as well as friend.
It is no honour to be swolne with pride.
Honour doth scorne dishonourable thoughts.
The Visitor can no honour iustly clasme,
To loose the meanes that should aduance the same.
Where hate beares soueraignetie, there honour dies.
He that regards his honour, will not wrong it.
Disquiet honour hurteth more than helpes.
Honour and wealth oft times too dearely cost
The death of all, so altogither lost.
Honour doth euer iudge with lenitie.
No greater honour than a quiet mind.
Honour's no priuiledge against defame.
Alwaies doth great employment for the great,
Quicken the blood and honour still beget.
Honour to many is more sweet than life.
Honour is fruit of vertue and faire truth.
Honour once gone, bids farewell to all hope.
The inward touch that wounded honour bears,
Findeth no helpe, till death cure the desease.
Honour and glory labours in mistrust.
Honour is first step to disquietnesse.
How hard is princely honour to attaine?
High honour, not long life, the treasure is,
Which noble mindes without respect defend.
Dishonest deeds no honour can attaine.
The praise of honour is not alwaies blood.
Neuer retire with shame, bright honour saith,

The worst that can befall thee, is but death.
Honour doth scorne the height of Fortunes pride.
Great honours youth may loose it selfe in age.
Report that sold to honour is true friend,
May many lies against true meaning mint.
No honour comes by spilling aged blood.
Who seekes for honour, lingers not his time.
Vilde is that honour, and the title vaine,
The which true worth and honour did not gaine.
Honour doth hate with base delights to dwell.
Honour helpes nothing where contentment wants.
He that contends with th'inferiour sort,
May with dishonour reape but bad report.
Honour is worthlesse in a wretched state.
High honour cries reuenge vpon his foes.
No death or hell can damnifie thine honour,
So long as reasons arme vpholds thy banner.
Who reach at honour, spurne at beauties baits.
Honour is like a vaine, yet pleasing drearme.
Honour deckes learning that with honour reares it.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS fairest blossoms soone are nipt with frost,
So honours pride by fortunes frownes are croste.
As goodly trees that yeeld no fruit are bad,
So beauteous bodies (honour-lesse) as bad.
As shadowes are the fleetest things that be,
So honours haue the like inconstancie.
As raine in harueste doth but little good,
So fooles for honour beare no likelihood,
As he that climbes aloft may quickly fall,
So honours seat is not the surest of all.

As euery crowne fits not a conquerour,
So honour not agrees with euery one.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Neſtor rehearſt his honourable deeds,
That *Hectors* combat might be vndertane,
Leonidas to honour *Eutichus*,
Led him from forth the daunger of the fight.
Pericles being requeſted to ſweare falſe,
Replyed: That honour would not ſuffer him.
Ageſilaus vrg'd to giue ſentence wrong,
Said: but for honour he could eaſily doe it.
Parmenides, his ſchollers did inſtruct:
No wound was comparable to diſhonour.
Cleobulus condemn'd that citie quite,
Where honour was not held in high eſteeme.

Of Councell, &c.

Councell and good aduiſe is wiſdomes ſquare,
And moſt auailing to the life of man.

Councell doth mittigate the greateſt ſmarts.
In publicke ſhame, oft councell ſeemes diſgrac'd
That councell euermore is held moſt fite,

Which of the time doth due aduantage take.
They that thriue well, take counsell of their friends.
Vntroubled night giues councell euer best.
With grauest counsell all must be directed,
Where plainest shewes are openly suspected.
All wounded minds good counsell helpeth most.
With patient councell thirst is not appeas'd.
A kingdomes greatnesse hardly can be sway,
That wholesome counsell will not first obey.
Direct not him, whose way himselfe will choose.
Oft long debated councels hinder deeds.
In Vaine be councels, statutes, humane lawes,
When chiefe of councell pleads the Vniust cause.
Ne're grieue his harme that would not be aduiz'd.
Friends by aduise may helpe each other much.
Alway too late comes councell to be heard.
Where will doth maime with wit regard.
The sicke man may giue counsell to the sound.
The v[illegible] need) will list aduise.
When present [illegible] graue aduises stayed:
A world of harmes are [illegible] displaced.
Who vseth counsell is not so[illegible]ceiu'd.
A worldly mans aduise is daunger[illegible]
Time, and fit place giues alwaies best aduise:
For what comes out of season's out of price.
Aduise is quickly giuen, not ta'ne so soone.
No man so wise, but he may counsell want.
Oft times the counsell of a very friend
Appearing good, may fail best in the end.
Counsell confoundeth doubts, dissolues denials.
Afflicted hearts, all councels doe deferre
Counsell to eared ears men applyed.
Is like a charme to an Adders eare.
The wise accept of counsell, fooles will not.

The

The careleſſe man is full of wretchedneſſe.
Counſell vnto it ſelfe moſt honour drawes.
Wounds oft grow deſperate, and death doth end,
Before good counſell can the fault amend.
Aduiſe bids quench a ſparke before it flame,
Counſell, beſt curbs doting affections.
Where ſound aduiſe and wholſome counſel wants,
Trees hardly proone, but periſh in the plants.
Counſell, the iealous ſcorne, and will not learne.
What boots complaining, where's no remedie?
It cannot be, but ſuch as counſell ſcorne,
Shall in theyr greateſt need be left forlorne.
In euils, counſell is a comfort chiefe.
Good counſell oft times cheares diſpairing mindes.
The ſicke that loathes to liſten to his cure,
To die the death for lacke of helpe is ſure.
Good counſell may be call'd a right good worke.
Courteous aduiſe, calmes ſtormes of miſerie.

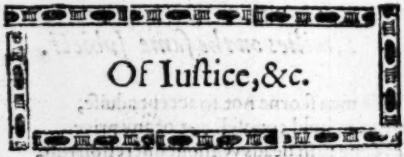
Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS wiſe men ſcorne not to accept aduiſe,
So fooles hold counſell not of any price.
As young raſh heads without diſcretion run,
So old mens counſels tell what ſhould be done.
As gentle ſhowers doe cauſe the earths encreaſe,
So mild aduiſe aſſures the conſcience peace.
As trechers treaſons prooue againſt themſelues,
So euill counſell oft turnes on it ſelfe.
As flowers in their prime haue ſweeteſt ſente,
So in diſtreſſe counſell beſt ſhewes it ſelfe.
As foes by fleering ſeeke each others harme,
So friends by councell gaine each others good.

Examples

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

TO *Plutarch* did the Emperour *Traiane* vvrite,
Only to counſell him vvhat he ſhould doe.
The Emperour *Galba* ſaid: All his miſhaps
Enſued, becauſe he vvould not be aduis'de.
Demetrius of Macedon vvould ſay,
Reprooue me, vvhen I councell doe refuſe.
Verres had neuer fallen in miſerie,
But that good counſell alvvaies he deſpis'd.
Solon bad vvealthie *Cræſſus* be aduis'd,
For counſell vvas more vvorth than all his vvealth.
Philoxenus the Poet did eſteeme
Nothing ſo precious as diſcreete aduiſe.



Iuſtice is that which giueth equall right,
Puniſheth wrong, keepes law in publicke ſight.

IVſtice and order keepe vp common-weales.
Iuſtice allowes no warrant to defraud.
Iuſtice giues euery man that is his owne.
Good Iuſtices are common-weales Phiſitions.

Honour and fame hold vp mild iuſtice traine,
And heauenly hopes in heart ſhe doth retaine.

Wrong muſt haue wrong, & blame the due of blame.
A world of wrongs can not weigh downe one right.
Men are content to leaue right, being diſtreſt.
Weak doth he build, that fenceth wrong with wrong.
To a ſtrong man, and of moſt puiſſant might,
He giues him more that takes away his right.
What wrong hath not continuance out-worne?
Yeares makes that right which neuer was ſo borne.
That right is wrong, ill ſought, and got with ſpoile.
Proud, rich, and poore, to iuſtice are alike.
Princes ne're doe themſelues a greater wrong,
Than when they hinder iuſtice, or prolong.
With loue and law is iuſtice ioyned ſtill.
Wrong richly clad to blindneſſe ſeemeth right.
To pay each with his owne, is right and due.
In ſuffering harmes great wrongs are offered.
Where iuſtice ſwayes in time of peace and quiet,
It fits not ſhiftes a fiſhing, nor their diet.
Rigt often-times by might is ouer-raught.
Men highly wronged feare not to diſpleaſe.
True noble minds doe ſtill reſpect the right.
Iuſtice, not pittie, fits a princes mind.
Where our owne wrongs doe worke our euerthrow.
In vaine we hope to weare it out with woe.
Men arm'd with iuſtice, knovv not hovv to feare.
Companion to offence, is puniſhment.
The puniſhment of ſome, reformeth all.
Speed doth loue right, but long delay is vvrong.
Innocence, concord, friendſhip, and goalneſſe,
Theſe doe ſupport iuſtice and equitie.
Right maketh roome ſomtimes vvhere vveapons faile.
Accuſers ſhould themſelues be innocent.

Iuſtice

Iuſtice forbids to ſlay them that ſubmit.
The foe doth iuſtly kill where prince forſakes.
The iudge himſelfe doth for condemned ſtand,
Where guilt goes free with pardon in his hand.
Poſſeſſion is no plea where wrong inſults.
They that haue part in wrongs, haue part in griefes.
Wrongs are remembred while the ſcarres remaine.
A lawleſſe peere, by law deſerues to die.
Iuſtice is Vertues badge, and ſtaffe of peace,
Maintaining honour in her rich increaſe.
True iuſtice payes the bloodie home their hire.
Blood ſpilt by wrong, calls vengeance ſcourge by right.
Seldome aduantage is in wrongs debar'd.
Who ſoweth wrong, is ſure to reape the ſame.
All runnes to wracke and ruine, where ſelfe-kind,
From ſelfe-ſame kind with-holdeth mutuall right.
Delay in puniſhment no pardon is.
A publicke fault craues open puniſhment.
Who flyeth iudgement, ſhewes his guiltineſſe.
Equitie iudgeth mildly, law ſeuerely.
Wrongs done Vs, we are ſparing to forgiue:
Not minding, we by mercie onely liue.
Wrong is the triall of true patience.
Law with extremitie is extreame wrong.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS hardeſt mettals in the fire is melt,
So greateſt ſinnes by iuſtice ſoone are felt.
As ſinne at firſt is ſweet, but after ſowre,
So Law lookes ſterne yet ſhewes not all her powre.
As from worſt maladies beſt med'cines come,
So are beſt lawes from lewdeſt manners form'd.

As cities with their walles are fenced round,
So are good minds with right and equitie.
As he that wanteth reason is no man,
So who liues lawlesse may be tearm'd a beast.
As thirstie soules doe seeke some long lookt spring,
So wrongs receiu'd with right, doe comfort bring.

Examples likewise on the same.

Philip, when any made complaint to him,
Stopt one eare, till the other part where heard,
Aristides so loued Equitie,
That he of all men was sir named IVST.
Iunius the Consull so respected right,
As his owne sonnes he did condemne to death.
Cato Censorius was so iust and firme,
As none durst mooue him in a naughtie cause.
Iustice (saith *Seneca*) is the law of God,
And bond of all humane societie.
Deuotion and good will (*Lactantius* saith)
Ioynes vs to God, as iustice doth to men.

Of Policie.

Pollicie is a wise and discreet care,
For King, for countrey, and for common good.

Pollicie

POllicie of religions habit vveares.
What vvants in ſtrength, is holpe by pollicie.
Small pollicie hath proweſſe learn'd, to ſpill
Much blood abroad, to cut her owne with skill.
Small harme, pretending good, is pollicie.
Oft times hath reaching pollicie deuiſde,
A cunning clauſe which hath himſelfe ſurpriz'd.
A wraſtlers ſleights oft counter-checketh force.
Strength, wanting wit and pollicie to rule,
Is ſoone caſt downe, and prooues himſelfe a foole.
'Tis pollicie to feare a powerfull hate.
Counſell in any kingdome pollicied,
More worthie is than warre, more dignified.
No pollicie where lambes doe lyons lead.
It is the ſumme of perfect pollicie,
To worke ſecurely with Vulgaritie.
Who builds on ſtrength, by pollicie is ſtript.
More worthie 'tis by wit and pollicie
To compaſſe honour, than by progenie.
Pollicie is to proweſſe chiefeſt friend.
Where power and pollicie doe often faile,
Reſpect of gold both conquers and commaunds.
The very pooreſt hath his pollicie.
Men may in conqueſt beneſit themſelues,
As much by pollicie as power and might.
All pollicie is ſoone deſtroy'd by pride.
Pollicie oft ſubdues where valour failes.
Courage that hath nor wit nor pollicie,
Flyes like a ſlaue before his enemie.
A well eſtabliſht pollicie is beſt.
Societie muſt be preſeru'd by pollicie.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS dull neglect is follies chiefeſt badge,
So quicke conceit is ſigne of pollicie.
As careleſſe heads doe ſooneſt harme a ſtate,
o pollicie fore-ſees before too late,
s cunning craffts-men are commended moſt,
o Realmes of polliticke aduiſers boaſt,
s ſubtilitie is ſlye to helpe it ſelfe,
o pollicie is wiſe to ſhield it ſelfe.
s daungers felt are worſe than others fear'd,
o pollicies not executed, moſt offend.
s counſell is ſome comfort in diſtreſſe,
o pollicie employ'd, kills wretchedneſſe.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Ieurgus by his polliticke aduiſe,
Reform'd the Lacedæmon mangled ſtate.
Numa Pompilius diſcreete pollicie,
ade Rome to flouriſh in her royaltie.
eucalions pollicie befriended Greece,
nd brought the people to religious awe.
pioes Lieutenant nam'd *Polybius*,
as highly praiſed for his pollicie.
as did much commend the gouuernment,
here the chiefe heads were wiſe and polliticke.
ntarch thought, cities could as ably ſtand
ithout foundations, as no pollicie.

Of

Of Peace and Concord.

Peace is the ground of kingdoms happineſſe:
Nource of true concord, loue, and all encreaſe.

PEace is great riches in the pooreſt ſtate.
Men know not peace, nor rightly how to deeme it,
That firſt by warre haue not been taught t'eſteeme it.
Peace hath beſt biding in a ſetled mind.
Peace brings in pleaſure, pleaſure breeds exceſſe:
Exceſſe procureth want, want workes ariſt reſſe.
Peace doth depend on reaſon, warre on force.
You whoſe faire calme make neighbors ſtormes ſeeme ſore,
Try you your tydes, before you truſt the ſhore.
Peace, all extreames concludeth with remorſe.
Surges may riſe on ſuddaine ere we thinke,
And whiles we ſwimme ſecure, compell vs ſinke.
Mild calm'd-fac't peace, exceeds blood-thirſting war.
Warre is ordain'd for nothing elſe but peace:
And perfect peace is end of bloudie warre.
Peace flouriſheth where reaſon beareth ſway.
Peace ſtill is honeſt, humane, and vpright:
When warre is brutiſh, feſtered by deſpight.
Concord of many, makes an vnitie.
Concord makes ſmall things mightily encreaſe:
Where diſcord makes great things as faſt decreaſe.

True peace, is peace with vertue, warre with vice.
In peace for warre let Vs so well prouide,
As in each ſtate, no harme doe Vs betide.
Peace from a Tyrants mouth, is treacherie.
Deare and Vnprofitable is the peace,
That's purchaſt with expence of guiltleſſe blood.
The weight of peace, is eaſie to be borne.
They iuſtly doe deſerue the ſword of warre,
That wilfully withſtand faire offered peace.
To fly from peace, is ſeeking ſelfe-decay.
Peace asketh no leſſe wiſdome to preſerue it,
Than Vallour was beſtowed in getting it.
Peace ſtill ſucceeds, what euer drifts withſtand.
That's more eſteem'd, obtain'd by peace full words.
Than any thing atchieu'd by Violence.
State-ſtabling peace, brings froward minds in faſhion.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS members knit in one, doe maintaine life:
So ſtates combin'd in peace, doe nouriſh loue.
As deſolation dwells where diſcord is,
So where is concord, liues all happineſſe.
As Laurell euer crownes the Conquerour,
So peace becommeth any Emperour.
As they that ſeeke their harme deſerue to haue it,
So they that fly from peace, ſhould neuer feele it.
As warre cuts deepe, and maketh mightie wounds,
So peace like ſoueraigne balme doth cure them all.
As griefe is cogniſance to falling ſtates,
So peace is glory of faire ſhining ſway.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

FOrtie yeeres keeping *Ianus* temple ſhut,
Gaue teſtimonie of the Romanes peace.
Numa (the ſecond king of Rome) ſo loued peace,
That all his reigne, was neither warre nor ſtrife.
Archidamus, wrote to the Elians
Nothing but this; *Peace is a goodly thing.*
The cauſe why *Cato* did oppoſe himſelfe
Againſt great *Ceſar*; was For breach of peace.
Tullie ſaith: Let vs ſo begin our warre,
That afterward vve may be ſure of peace.
Phocion being askt; What fitted kingdomes beſt?
Replyed: A little vvarre, to vvin long peace.

Of Warre.

Warre is moſt lawfull for a countries good,
To purchaſe peace with leaſt expence of blood.

WArre makes the conquer'd yeeld, & ſerue with hate,
Where warre once enters, ruine doth enſue.
Great is the horror of inteſtine broiles,

When with our blood we fat our natiue soyles.
Warre makes the victour to desire debate.
Captaine talketh best of boistrous warre.
Looke where she sword for pittie leaues to spill,
Pittie that Iustice should begin to kill.
Warre leaues nought sure, though we presume to choose.
Bloodshed by bloodshed still is nourished.
Warre should not fill kings pallaces with mone:
Nor perill come when 'tis least thought vpon.
In vaine are armes, when heauen becomes our foe.
Warres rage hath no respect of pietie.
It is a meritorious fasie designe,
To chase iniustice with reuengefull armes.
Warre may sometimes be surpriz'd by number,
Valour and Art, are both the sonnes of *Ioue.*
Who would not be a souldiour in that band,
Which (ere it fight) holds Victorie in hand?
Arte is nobilities true register.
Nobilitie, Arts champion still is nam'd.
Honour doth say: That if shee chaunce to faile,
The braue attempt the shall counteruaile.
Learning is fortitudes right kalender.
Faire fortitude is learnings saint and friend.
Honour shields learning from all iniurie,
And learning, honour from blacke infamie.
A crowne twixt brethren breeds contention.
Valour in greatest daunger shines most bright.
If through rashnes Valour doe get honour,
We blame the rashnes, but reward the honour.
Well doth he die, that dies gainst countries foes.
An honourable buriall is the field.
He that hath once sustain'd the bullets wound,
What need he feare the Canons harmelesse sound?
Blood, nought but sin; warre nought but sorrowes yeeld.

Sad are the ſights, bitter the fruits of warre.
Thoſe that are brought vp in the broiles of realmes,
Thinke it beſt fiſhing ſtill in troubled ſtreames.
A martiall man ought not be fancies ſlaue.
Men vs'd to warre, are greateſt foes to peace.
The ſmalleſt iarres if they be ſuffered run,
Breed wrath and warre, yea death ere they be done.
No warre is right, but that which lawfull is.
The ſword muſt mend what inſolence did marre.
Who knowes to win by ſword, can iudge of wit:
For without wit, no warre can proſper well.
On little broyles enſueth bloodie warre.
Who beſt doth ſpeed in warre, ſmall ſafetie finds.
The beſt obſeruing prouidence in warre,
Still thinketh foes much ſtronger than they are.
Vnnaturall warres where ſubiects braues their king.
A bloodie conqueſt ſtaines the captaines praiſe.
A brauer mind hath he that fights for more,
Than he that warres for that he had before.
His flight is ſhamefull that flyes victorie.
Warres conquerours, in loue doe ſildome pine.
When warre and troubles doe vs moſt moleſt,
Then wicked perſons euer proſper beſt
In warre and loue, courage is moſt requir'd.
A coward Captaine marres the ſouldiours fight.
Armes, but in great extreames, doe neuer ſerue
To reconcile and puniſh ſuch as ſwerue:
A valiant leader, makes faint cowards fight.
By armes, Realmes, Empires, Monarchies, are won.
Let warre his boaſt of dignitie ſurceaſe,
And yeeld to wiſdome, which ſeekes all increaſe.
To armes lawes, iuſtice, magiſtrates ſubmit.
Artes, Sciences, before Armes triumphes ſit.
The plough-mans hope, and huſbands thriftie tillage,

Oft times become the wastfull souldiours pillage,
Vnciuill warre, all iustice doth diuorce.
Safely he fights, that warres as others bid.
It's much to conquer, but to keepe it then,
It full as much if not a great deale more.
Looke expert warriours ne're are truly bold.
Warre for our country is a holy fight.
Those wiser heads that know the scourge of warre,
Seeke safest meanes to mittigate the iarre.
Warre rightly handled, is most excellent.
Who fights for crownes, set life and all too light.
To keepe our countrie safe from any harme:
For warre or worke, we either hand should arme.
Warre was ordain'd to make men liue in peace.
Warre doth defend our right, repulse our foes.
In warre they are esteem'd as Captaines good,
That win the field with leastexpence of blood.
Neuer vse armes where money can preuaile.
Th'effects of warre, are couetous desires.
Let desperate men and Ruffians thirst for blood:
Win foes with loue, and thinke that conquest good.
In warre let female honour be preseru'd.
Ambition is the chiefest cause of warre.
He that was woont to call his sword to aid:
It's hard with him, when he must stand to plead.
Necessitie makes warre to seeme most iust.
Many may talke of warre, but few conclude.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS Earth and Fire were first in this worlds frame,
So Warre and Peace are chiefe in kingdomes rule.
As cunning Pilots best can guide the ship,

So expert Captaines apteſt manage warre.
As peace may ſuffer wrong, and be abus'd,
So warre is harmleſſe, if but rightly vs'd
As pleaſant talke makes ſhort the longeſt way,
So valiant leaders whet on dulleſt mindes.
As lingring ſickeneſſe moſt offendeth life,
So quicke diſpatch in warre is glorious.
As ruſticke notes likes any loutiſh twad,
So drummes and trumpets pleaſe a Souldiour beſt.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Papyrius Curſor puniſht *Fabius*,
Becauſe vniuſtly he commenced warre.
The Emperour *Aurelius* gaue ſtrict charge,
That no man ſhould abuſe himſelfe in warre.
The worthie Souldiour *Bellizarius*,
Would neuer warre but on ſome ſpeciall cauſe.
Traianus was neuer vanquiſhed in warre,
Becauſe he would not meddle, but in right.
Warre makes men cruell, ſo ſaith *Seneca:*
But peace prouoketh them to gentlenes.
Plato affirmed warre was excellent
Whe. it did harme none but enemies.

Of Fame and Infamie.

Good Fame is that which all men ought desire:
But euill Fame is bad mens worthie hire.

FAme neuer finds a tombe t'encloſe it in.
Fame neuer ſtoopes to things are meane or poore.
No fame doth followv any vniuſt act.
To fames rich treaſure, Time vnlockes the doore,
Which angrie Fortune had ſhut vp before.
Fame neuer lookes ſo lovv as idle drones.
Baſe Enuie ſtill vvill barke at ſleeping fame.
Life is not loſt that brings eternall fame.
All perils ought be leſſe, and leſſe all paine,
In open field than the deare loſſe of fame.
Dearer is loue than life, and fame than gold.
The path is ſvveet vvhich daunger leads to fame.
Fame being once foil'd, incurable the blot.
Our deeds in life to worth cannot be rated:
In death our life with fame euen then is dated.
Fame is not ſubiect to authoritie.
Fame neuer profitteth a vvicked man.
Infamie hath no povver to hurt the good.
Thy fame defac'd, or touch'd vvith any ſtaine:
Being once ſupplanted, neuer growes againe.

Fame is a ſpeedy herald to beare newes.
A good report, in deepeſt darkeneſſe ſhines.
Good life is readieſt way to purchaſe fame.
If ſpotleſſe reputation be away,
Men are but guilded loame, or painted cl. y.
Fame, by our vertuous actions is maintain'd.
Rumours ſoone rais'd, decay; but fame ſtands firme.
A man can haue no ſweeter friend than fame.
Fame, not ſuppos'd to waſte, but grow by waſting:
(like ſnow in riuers falae) conſumes by laſting.
Couet not fame, without great care to keepe it.
No like mithap as to be infamous.
Fame, that the liuing ſaues, reuiues the dead.
Fame hath two wings, the one of falſe report:
The other hath ſome plumes of Veritie.
No law can quit, where fame is once endighted.
Fame is the ioy and life of valiant minds.
Preferre ſharpe death before infamous life.
The cheifeſt thing a princes fame to raiſe,
Is, to excell thoſe that are excellent.
Glorie doth neuer blow cold pitties fire.
There's nothing can be done, but fame reports.
To know too much, is to know nought but fame.
let not proud will hold vp thy head for fame,
When inward wants may not expect the ſame.
Fame dyes with them that all their honour waſte.
Fame bad concealer of our cloſe intents.
Fame got by follie, dyes before it liues.
Fame with her golden wings aloft doth flie,
Aboue the reach of ruinous decay.
He liueth long enough dies ſoone with fame.
Where fame beares ſway, there *Cupid* will be bold.
Good fame is better than a crowne of gold.

Similes

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS thunder nor fierce lightning harmes the Bay,
So no extremitie hath power on fame.
As precious ſtones (though ſet in Lead) will ſhine,
So fame in pooreſt corners will appeare.
As earth producing ſalt, brings nothing elſe,
So vertue, ſeeking fame, craues nothing elſe.
As many voices make the conſort ſweet,
So many vertues doe confirme true fame.
As pride is enemie to good report,
So lowly thoughts doe lead the way to fame.
As light receiues his ſplendour from the aire,
So fame from vertue doth deriue her ſelfe.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Vblicola wonne fame for leading armes,
And *Solon* by his ciuill actions.
The fame *Miltiades* got at *Marathon*,
Would not permit *Themiſtocles* to ſleepe.
Fabius did by his vertues get ſuch fame,
As *Maximus* was added to his name.
Lyſimachus was famous through the world,
Becauſe he kill'd a Lyon in his youth.
Seneca ſaith, Fame ſhould be followed,
Rather than coueted by fond deſire.
No man (ſaith *Cicero*) is learn'd and wiſe,
But fame muſt needs attend his actions.

Of

Of Praiſe, &c.

Praiſe is the hyre of vertue, for thoſe partes
That well deſerue it, both in eyes and hearts.

PRaiſe is but ſmoake that ſheddeth in the skie.
Men for their owne deeds ſhall be prais'd or blam'd.
True laud proceeds by the report of other,
Of more eſteeme, when we our ſelues it ſmother.
The peoples voice, is neither ſhame nor praiſe.
Safetie may breed delight, not nouriſh praiſe.
Hard words doe diſcommend ſome men to day,
Yet praiſe to morrow with all might they may.
Many will praiſe in words, but ſpight in workes,
Chiefe praiſe conſiſteth in contented life.
It's better to be praiſed for a truth,
Than for a leaſing to be honoured.
To praiſe vnworthie men, it flatterie.
Saue vertuous deeds, there's nothing merits praiſe.
When men doe praiſe themſelues immoderately,
Makes other ſentence them with obloquie.
Praiſe ſtirres the mind to great and mightie things.
Praiſe nouriſheth true vertue where it ſprang.
The benefits of peace deſerue more praiſe,
Than all the cunningſt ſtratagems of warre.

Praise maketh labour light, enricheth hope.
When others praise thee, best to iudge thy selfe.
Praise is a poyson to ambitious men,
Because it makes them out run honestie.
In doing that we ought, deserues no praise.
By counterfeited vertue seeke no praise.
In vaine we seeke the idle smoake of praise,
Since all things by antiquitie decayes.
All good things haue preheminence in praise.
Neuer praise that which is not commendable.
Oft those whome princes patronage extold,
Forget themselues, and what they were of old.
Condemne not that deserueth praise by due.
An ill mans praise is praise for doing ill.
Who striues to gaine inheritance of aire,
Leaues yet perhaps but beggerie to his heire.
Helping the poore, deserueth double praise.
Vertue begetteth praise, praise, honours height.
Nothing of more entertainment than praise:
For one daye gift, another robs vs of.
An open praise deserues a secret doubt.
Too much commending, is a heauie load.
He that commends a man before his face,
Will scant speake well of him behind his backe.
Bad nature by good nurture mended, merits praise.
Abasing worthie men, argues selfe-praise.
It is more worthie praise to keepe good fame,
Than the bare stile or getting of the same.
Our elders praise is light vnto our liues.
Be not too rash in discommending any.
Be not too hastie in bestowing praise:
Nor yet too slow when due time calls for praise.
A mans owne praise, is publicke infamie.
Honest attempts can neuer want due praise.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS ſhadowes on our bodies doe attend,
So praiſe doth wait on vertue to the end.
As praiſing make the Peacocke ſpread her taile,
So men commended doe expreſſe themſelues.
As fooles in folly are not to be ſooth'd.
So wicked actions are not to be prais'd.
As Cockes by crowing ſhew their victorie,
So mens owne praiſes blab their obloquie.
As niggards are diſcerned by their giftes,
So mens commendings doe expreſſe their loue.
As greateſt praiſes fatten not thy fields,
So much commending pleaſeth not thy friend.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

THe noble Romane *Titus Flaminius*,
Could not endure when any praiſed him.
Cæſar beholding *Alexanders* image,
Wept, in remembring his exceeding praiſe.
Pompey did count it praiſe enough for him,
To ſet *Tigranes* in his throne againe.
Agathocles condemned all vaine praiſe,
And ſtill confeſt himſelfe a potters ſonne.
By vertue (ſaith *Euripides*) get praiſe,
For that will liue when time expires thy dayes.
Solon ſaid, All vaine-glorious men were fooles;
And none praiſe-worthie, but the humble-wiſe.

Of Friendſhip, &c.

The ſumme of friendſhip is, that of two ſoules
One ſhould be made, in will and firme affect.

TRue friends partake in either weale or woe.
Faint-hearted friends, their ſuccours long delay.
A deare friends graue is a more beauie ſight,
Than all the feares wherewith death can affright.
Of foes, the ſpoile is ill: farre more of friends.
Who faileth one, is falſe though true to other.
That friendſhip can no length of time endure,
Which doth cauſe ill, or euill end procure.
The trueſt friendſhip, is in equalitie.
Likeneſſe in manners makes beſt amitie.
When equall might is vp vnto the chin,
Weake friends become ſtrong foes to thruſt him in.
Among kind friends, departing drinkes vp ioy.
Better a new friend, than an auncient foe.
Call him not friend, that ſauours moſt of foe:
Tearme him rly deaths-man, looke he prooue not ſo.
Giue foes no oddes, nor friends vnequall power.
Truſt not to foes, if friends their credit looſe.
For friends if one ſhould die, were rarely much:
But die for foes, the world affoords none ſuch.

In baſe minds dwels friendſhip nor enmitie.
No ſeruice will a gentle friend deſpiſe.
Looke what abuſe is offer'd to a friend,
The ſhame and fault finds no excuſe or end.
To wrong a friend doth prooue too foule a deed,
Foes often wake, when loyall friends doe ſleepe.
Faire louely concord, and moſt ſacred peace,
Doe nouriſh vertue, and make friendſhip faſt.
A ſteadfaſt friend is to be lou'd as life.
Faint friends, when they fall out, prooue cruell foes.
Thoſe friends that loue the Sun-ſhine of delights,
Will flye the winter when affliction bites.
True friendſhip at the firſt affront retires not.
Moſt friends befriend themſelues with friendſhips ſhew.
Suſpition is ſedition mongſt good friends,
When either drift to others miſchiefe tends.
They kill, that feele not their friends liuing paine.
Be enuied of thy foe, rather than pitied.
More conqueſt is the gaining of a friend,
Than the ſubduing of an enemie.
He is too fooliſh that miſtruſts his friend.
In greateſt need, a friend is beſt diſcern'd.
We ought ſometimes as well to reprehend,
As praiſe the partie whome we count a friend.
True friendſhip maketh light all heauie harmes.
A friend in moſt diſtreſſe, will moſt aſſiſt.
Who entertaineth many friends, doth looſe
The title of a true and ſtedfaſt friend.
Men in their friendſhip, alwaies ſhould be one.
A hard attempt to tempt a foe for aid.
Make all men our well-willers if we can,
But onely chuſe good men to be our friends.
Small is that friendſhip table-talke will cracke.
Requeſts twixt friends are counted as commaunds.

To ſtraungers let great proffers ſtill be made:
But to true friends ſ/e ſound and perfect deedes.
erformance is in friendſhip held a dutie.
No man ſhould loue himſelfe more than his friend.
Foure things we ought ſupply our friend withall:
Our perſon, counſel, comfort, and our goods.
friend is to a man another ſelfe.
Vith euery one to ſhake hands, is not good.
Who wanteth friends to backe what he begins
In lands fare off: goes not, although he wisnes.
wiſe man takes not ech one as his friend.
rooue ſtrangers to loue them, and not loue to prooue them.
The man that makes a friend of euery ſtraunger,
Diſcards him not againe without ſome danger.
rue friendſhip ought be free, like charitie.
pinion of vertue is the fount of friendſhip.
In friendſhip this one difference is tryde:
True friends ſtand faſt, when as the feigned ſlide.
Vho neuer had a foe, ne're knew a friend.
riendſhip admitteth not an angry frowne.
A true ſinne friend will neuer ſound retreat,
Nor ſtoope his ſailes for any ſtorme of weather.
initie, is Amities chiefeſt eſſence.
azard diſpleaſure to relieue a friend.
True friendſhip, Sunne contmually doth laſt,
And ſhines the clearer in the bitterſt blaſt.
hey are no friends, that hazard them they loue.
rue friendſhip ſcornes confederacie with ſhame.
In earneſt, ieſt, in quiet, peace or warre:
Neuer preſume to try the foe too farre.
duerſitie doth beſt diſcloſe a friend,
initie ſtretcheth not beyond the Altar.
An open foe a man may ſoone preuent,
But a falſe friend, murders in blands ſhment.

A feigned

A feigned friend will quickly chaunge conceit.
Ouer-much boldneſſe makes men looſe their friends.
Whil'ſt things go well, friends alwaies will be neer thee,
But failing once, the dearcſt friends will feare thee.
What death is life, when deareſt friends are loſt?
It's goood to haue a wiſe and diſcreete friend.
No foe ſo fell or cunning to eſcape,
As is a friend, clad in a foe-mans ſhape.
Often to trie our friends is profitable.
Flatterie is friendſhips forme, but not the fruit.
Many to thoſe they ſhould moſt friendſhip ſhow,
Doe lie in wait to worke their ouerthrow.
Suſpition is the poiſon of firme friendſhip.
Forgetfull fooles vnfriendly vſe their friends.
Of any foe, be ſure no gift thou take,
Leaſt to thy ruine it ſome entrance make.
Follie reſpecteth flatterers more than friends.
Good natures inly grieue to trie their friends.
No mortall foe ſo full of Venemous ſpight,
As man to man, when miſchiefe he pretends.
Begging at friends hands, is eſteemed buying.
Friends hide no coine, or ſecrets from their friends.
Who ſees their friends in want, and them deſpiſe:
When they doe fall, neuer deſerue to riſe.
True friends doe ſoone forget a friends offence.
Scornfull and proud, are very perillous friends.
He that intendeth guile, and thou findſt ſo:
No wrong thou doeſt, to vſe him as thy foe.
Where friends are knit in loue, there griefes are ſhar'd.
Quicke promiſers, ſlow doers are ſlacke friends.
Where many hearts doe gently ſympathize,
In ſacred friendſhip, there all bliſſe abounds.
No friend like him whome no diſtreſſe can daunt.
Happie is he that finds a feeles and friend.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS no calamitie can thwart true loue,
So no miſhap can ſeparate firme friends.
As want of friends is very perillous,
So talking friends doe prooue too tedious.
As fire from heat cannot be ſeparate,
So true friends hearts will no way be disjoin'd.
As Phyſicke cures the ſecret griefes we haue,
So friendſhip heales the hearts extreameſt woes.
As inſtruments are tun'd e're muſick's heard,
So friends are try'd ere they be firmely found.
As exiles haue no comforts but their cares,
So home-abiders haue no ioy like friends.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Cræſus vpon his left ſide plac'd his friends,
Becauſe they ſhould be neereſt to his heart.
Dyon and *Cæſar* rather wiſhed death,
Than they ſhould grow diſtruſtfull of their friends.
Cato this poeſie caried in his Ring:
The friend to one, and enemie to none.
Lucullus ſeeing *Brutus*, round engirt,
Call'd himſelfe *Brutus*, that his friend might ſcape.
Boetion, in deſperate furie ſau'd his friend,
Saying: *For this cauſe was I made thy friend.*
Three things (ſaith *Tullie*) men ſhould wiſh their friends
Health, good account, and priuiledge from need.

Of Patience.

Patience, is voluntarie ſufferance
Of hardeſt matters, for faire vertues ſake.

PAtience preuailes againſt a world of wrongs.
What Fortune hurts, patience can onely heale.
No baniſhment can be to him aſſign'd,
That hath a patient and reſolued mind.
The minds affliction, patience can appeaſe.
To be borne well, and die worſe, breaketh patience.
That life is onely miſerable and vile,
Which from faire patience doth it ſelfe exile.
Patience doth paſſions alwaies mortifie.
The minds diſtreſſe, with patience is relieu'd.
They that looſe halfe, with greater patience beare it,
Then they whoſe all, is ſwallowed in confuſion.
For cureleſſe ſores, patience is chiefeſt ſalue.
Patience all trouble ſweetly doth digeſt.
True patience can mildly ſuffer wrong,
Where rage and furie doth our liues defame.
True patience is the prouender offooles.
Patience importun'd, doth conuert to hate.
The ſtrength to fight with death is patience,
And to be conquer'd of him, patience.

The onely ſalue for wrong, is patience.
Reuenge on fortune, is milde patience.
Let ſuch whome patience cannot moderate,
Endaunger them that would endammage him.
He is moſt valiant that is patient.
No conqueſt can compare with patience.
Patience is oft from princely ſeat puld downe.
When bloody mindes ſcuffle for a crowne.
Patience makes light, afflictions heauieſt load.
The ſhield of patience beares off all miſhaps.
Comfortleſſe patience brings conſumption.
No ſting hath patience, but a ſighing griefe,
That ſtings nought but it ſelfe without reliefe.
The end of patience, is expect of promiſe.
Patience beares that which care cannot redreſſe.
A heauenly ſpirits hope, is patience.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS rage doth kindle the fire of wrath,
Patience to quench it ſtore of water hath.
As fire impairs not gold, but makes it bright,
So greateſt wrongs by patience are make light.
As phyſicke doth repaire decayed health,
So patience brings true bleſſings to the ſoule.
As water quencheth the extreameſt fire,
So patience qualifies the mightieſt wrongs.
As Diamonds in the darke are beſt diſcern'd,
So patience is in trouble beſt approu'd.
As angrie ſplenes are haſtie in reuenge,
So diſcreet ſoules brookes all with patience.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

WHate're miſhap *Darius* did befall,
Yet in his mind he was not moou'd at all.
Marcus Aurelius ſaid, that patience,
Had holpe him more than any thing beſide.
Sylla endur'd reuilings patiently,
And mildly yeelded his Dictator ſhip.
Mauritius moou'd not at his childrens death,
Although he ſaw them ſlaine before his face.
When *Socrates* was councel'd to reuenge,
Said: *If an Aſſe ſtrike, ſhall I ſtrike againe?*
In patience conflict, ſaith *Euripides:*
The vanquiſht doe exceed the Vanquiſher.

Of Man & Men.

Man is a creature of ſuch excellence, As all elſe was created for his vſe.

MAn in himſelfe a little world doth beare.
All other creatures follow after kind,
But man alone is ruled by his mind.
All men, to ſome peculiar vice encline.

The greater man the greater is the thing,
Be it good or bad, that he doth vndertake.
A man once ſtung, is hardly hurt againe.
Fond is the man that will attempt great deeds,
And looſe the glorie that attends on them.
Where eaſe abounds, men ſoone may doe amiſſe.
Men doe not know what they themſelues will be,
When as more than themſelues, themſelues they ſee.
The worth of all men by their end, eſteeme.
When men haue well fed, and the blood is warme,
Then are they moſt improudent of harme.
Birds haue the aire, Fiſh water, Men the land.
When from the heart of man aſcends true ſighes,
From God diuineſt ſpirit deſcendeth grace.
The man that ſeekes his thraldome, merits it.
Man of himſelfe is as a barren field,
But by the grace of heauen, a fruitfull vine.
Men eaſily doe credit what they loue.
The man that liueth by anothers breath:
Looke when he dies is certaine of his death.
No man weighes him that doth himſelfe neglect.
Men ought eſpecially to ſaue their winnings
In all attempts, is loſt they their beginnings.
Oft one mans ſorrow doth another touch.
The man vnmuſt, is hopeleſſe fortunate:
Quickely miſſe-led, but hardly reconcil'd.
It grieues a man to aske, when he deſerues.
Men are but Fortunes ſubiects, therefore variable
And times diſciples, therefore momentarie.
Deuiſe of man, in working hath no end.
There liues no man ſo ſetled in content,
That hath not daily ſomewhat to repent.
Ech man muſt thinke, his morning ſhall haue night
Mens imperfections often times are knowne,

When they repine to think them as they owne.
Man neuer takes delight to heare his fault.
Men often iudge too well their owne deserts:
When others smile to see their ignorance.
Men honoured, wanting wit, are fruitlesse trees.
Man is but meere calamitie it selfe.
Man when he thinkes his state is most secure,
Shall finde it then both fickle and vnsure.
Mans nature is desirous still of chaunge.
To greatest men, great faults are incident.
Mishaps haue power o're man, not he o're them.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS flowers by their sight and sent are knowne,
So men are noted by their words and works.
As snow in water doth begin and end,
So man was made of earth, and so shall end.
As waxe cannot endure before the fire,
So cannot vniust men in sight of heauen.
As all things on the earth are for mans vse,
So men were made one for anothers helpe.
As Toades doe sucke their venime from the earth,
So bad men draw corruption from foule sinne.
As fooles erect their houses on the sands,
So wise men doe rely their hopes on heauen.

Examples likewise on the same.

PHilip of Macedon was daily told:
Remember Philip, thou art but a man.
Cyrus held no man worthie gouernment,

Except

Except his vertue were to be admir'd.
Thoſe men did *Alcibiades* count ſafe,
That kept their countries lawes vnchangeable.
Timon was cal'd the enemie to men,
And would perſwade them to deſtroy them-ſelues.
What elſe is man (ſaith *Pindarus*) but a dreame,
Or like a ſhadowe we diſcerne in ſleepe?
Homer cryed out: Man was moſt miſerable
Of all the creatures that the world contain'd.

Of Women.

Women are equall euery way to men,
And both alike haue their infirmities.

VVOmen by men receiue perfection.
Women and loue like emptie houſes periſh.
Like Vntun'd golden ſtrings faire women are,
VVhich lying long Vntoucht, will harſhly iarre.
Faire and vnkind, in women ill beſeemes.
Women are wonne, when they beginne to iarre.
Griefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.
All women are ambitious naturally.
In womens tongues is quickly found a rub.
A womans will that's bent to walke aſtray,

Is seldome chaung'd by watch or sharpe restraint.
Ripe still to ill, ills womens councels are.
All things are subiect, but a womans will.
'Tis fast good will, and gentle courtesies
Reclaime a woman, and no watching eyes.
Women are most wonne, when men merit least.
Women that longe, thinke scorne to be said nay.
Neuer as yet was man so well aware,
But first or last was caught in womens snare.
Find constancie in women, all is found.
Women desire to see, and to be seene.
Great Gaunts doe seeme hatcht vnder Sampsons lockes,
Yet womens words can ouerthem killing knockes.
Women haue teares for sorrow and dissembling.
Women allure with smiles, and kill with frownes.
It is a common rule, that women neuer
Loue beautie in their sexe, but enuie euer.
Women with wanton eyes, haue wanton trickes,
Vertue is richest dowrie for a woman.
Though men can couer crimes with bold sterne lookes,
Poore womens faces are their owne faults bookes.
Women least reckon of a doting louer.
What cannot women doe, that know their power?
If womens hearts, that haue light thoughts to spill them
Die of themselues: why then should sorrow kill them?
No beast is fiercer than a iealous woman.
Women oft looke, to enuie one another.
A womans teares are falling starres at night,
No sooner seene, but quickly out of sight.
A womans fauour lasteth but a while.
Two things to be a woman, and a Queene.
Women doe hold, 'tis toyes life, lifes best treasure,
Both to begin and leaue to hisse at leisure.
Oft womens mercies, more than mans is seene.

Some

Some womens wits exceed all Art, in loue.
A womans paſſions doth the aire reſemble:
Neuer alike, they ſimne if they diſſemble.
Loue, women, and inconſtancie ne're part.
Bluſhes ſhew womens thoughts, and teach men wit.
Thoſe vertues that in women merit praiſe,
Are ſober ſhowes without, chaſt thoughts within.
A womans heart and tongue, are relatiues.
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.
Thoſe women of their wit may iuſtly boaſt,
That buy their wiſdome by anothers coſt.
A womans mind is fit for each impreſſion.
High praiſes hammer beſt a womans mind.
The wife being wiſe, make her thy ſecretarie:
Elſe not, for women ſeldome can keepe ſilence.
Women in miſchiefe are more wiſe then men.
A womans tongue, wounds deeper than her eye.
Conſtant in loue, who tryes a womans mind:
Wealth, beautie, wit, and all in her doth find.
Women are Natures wonder, louing Nature.
Women doe couet moſt what's moſt denyed them.
Extreame are womens ſorrowes, paſt redreſſe:
Or ſo diſſembled, not to be beleeu'd.
A woman of good life feares no ill tongue.
Silence in women, is a ſpeciall grace.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS none can tell a griefe but he that feeles it,
So none knowes womens wrongs, but they, that find (them.
As women moſt deſpiſe what's offered them,
So to denie their minds is worſe than death.
As a ſharpe bridle fits a froward horſe,

Some

So

So a curſt woman muſt be roughly vs'd.
As the beſt mettal'd blade hath iron commixt,
So the beſt women are not free from faults.
As readines of ſpeech becomes a man,
So ſilence doth a woman beſt beſeeme.
As goodlieſt gardens are not void of weeds,
So faireſt women may haue ſome defect.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Istrina, ſometimes Queene of Scithia,
With her ſweet voice, made calme the rough ſwolne ſeas.
Romane *Cornelia* was ſo eloquent,
That to her they did daily ſacrifice.
Lachis of Athens, to her country-men
Appointed lawes for ciuill gouernment.
Queene *Pariſatis* caus'd the Perſian kings,
To haue their buriall in rich tombes of gold.
Plato held women in a familie,
As needfull as a kingdomes gouernour.
Elizabeth late Englands famous Queene:
Amongſt all women hath a mirrour beene.
If nature doe deſire her ſelfe to ſee,
(Saith *Plutarch*) women then her glaſſe may be.

Of

Of Ambition.

Ambition is a humour that aſpires,
And ſlayes it ſelfe in ſeeking high deſires.

AMbition, with the Eagle loues to build.
Ambition being once inured to raigne,
Can neuer brooke a priuat ſtate againe.
Ambitious fauorites alwaies miſchiefe bring.
Th'aſpirer once attain'd vnto the top,
Cuts off thoſe meanes whereby himſelfe got vp.
Ambition yet tooke neuer laſting root
High aimes, young ſpirits, birth of loyall line:
Make men play falſe, where kingdomes are the ſtakes.
Th'ambitious will find right, or elſe make right.
It is ambitions ſickneſs, hauing much,
To vexe vs with defect of that we haue.
Might makes a title where he hath no right.
Thoſe men that commonly o're-looke too much,
Doe ouer-ſee themſelues, their ſtate is ſuch.
Ambitious minds a world of wealth would haue.
Ambitious minds to get a princes traine,
Would afterward of beggers life be faine.
Ambition, paine, and loue, brookes no delay.
Lyons doe neuer caſt a gentle looke

Ou

On any beaſt, that would vſurpe their den.
Who climbes too ſoone, oft time repents too late.
Bloud and alliance nothing doe preuaile,
To coole the thirſt of hot ambitious breaſts.
Aſpiring things are readie ſtill to fall.
Bruiſes are ſooner caught by reaching high,
Than when the mind is willing to ſtoope low.
Many vſurpe, but moſt in miſchiefe end.
Fortune doth neuer grudge at them that fall:
But enuie ſtings and biteth them that climbe.
Aſpiring thoughts led *Phaeton* awry.
Beware ambition, 'tis a ſugred ill,
That fortune layes, preſuming minds to kill.
Ambitious *Icarus* did climbe too high.
Ambitious bold and true begotten ſonne,
Is quite ſpent in deſire, ere hope be wonne,
Gazers on ſtarres, oft ſtumble at ſmall ſtones.
Seldome can proud preſumption be enthroan'd
To liue eſteem'd, or die, to be bemoan'd.
Ambition, no corriuall will admit.
The man that doth preſume aboue his ſtate,
In ſtead of loue, incurres but deadly hate.
Higheſt attempts to low diſgraces fall.
Craft gaue ambition leaue to lay his plot,
And croſſe his friend, becauſe he ſounds him not.
Competitors the ſubiects dearely buy.
Preſuming wills, counts it high preiudice
To be reprou'd, although by ſound aduiſe.
Beware ambition in felicitie.
Such reaching heads as neuer thinke them well,
After their fall, their owne miſhaps may tell.
High mounting Eagles ſoone are ſmitten blind.
Ambitions dying, is great glorie wonne.

Simili

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS breath on ſteele, as ſoone is off as on,
So climbers are as quickly downe as vp.
As nothing in ſubſtance is more light than aire,
So nothing can out-goe ambitious thoughts.
As winds being vp, doe blow more violent,
So proud vſurpers tyranniſe in height.
As bad men grieue at good mens happineſſe,
So high aſpirers grudge at lowlines.
As powder fier'd, is but a ſuddaine flaſh,
Euen ſo ambition is no more than ſmoke.
As Bats doe flutter, not directly flie,
So climbers aime at much, and miſſe of all.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

FRedericke the third, was by his baſtard ſonne
Ambitious *Manfroy* diſpoſſeſt of life.
Geta murdered *Antonius* his brother,
Through his ambitious mind to rule alone.
Craſſus procur'd himſelfe a ſhamefull death,
Through his ambitious ſpight at *Cæſars* fame.
Marius, not ſatisfied with former praiſe,
Through his ambition ſoone abridg'd his dayes.
Plato would haue good men exalted ſtill,
But none that ſauour'd of ambition.
With *Ariſtotle* kingdomes ſoone decay,
Where pride, or elſe ambition beareth ſway.

Of

Of Tyrants, &c.

Tirants are kingdoms plagues, and good mēs woe
Their owne destroyers, and soone ouerthrow.

A Tyrants lookes breed terror after death.
Oft in the childrens slaughters, fathers die.
The man that once is strong in equitie,
Will scorne th'austerest lookes of tyrannie.
Tyrannie still strikes terror to it selfe.
Death is the vtmost end of tyrannie.
Those that in blood a violent pleasure haue,
Seldome descend but bleeding to the graue.
Birth is no shadow to sterne tyrannie.
Ladies and tyrants doe respect no larres.
When tyrannie is with strong aid supported,
All iustice from good minds is quite extorted.
No tyrannie can force true fortitude.
Tyrants are leaders to a many ills.
A tyrant that hath tasted once of bloud,
Doth hardly thriue by any other food.
Tyrants will brooke no tearmes, or list dispute.
Tyrants are torturers of honest soules.
Words not preuaile, nor other can sighes aduise,
To moue the heart that's bent to tyrannise.

No fame conſiſts in deeds of tyrannie.
Tyrants are alwaies traitours to them-ſelues.
To puniſh many for th'amiſſe of one,
Moſt properly to tyrants appertaine.
Where tyrants reigne, God help the land that while.
It's worſe than death, to liue a tyrants ſlaue.
Tyrants being ſuffred, and not quaſh'd in time,
Will cut their throats that gaue them leaue to climbe.
The ſmalleſt worme will turne, being trode vpon.
The Doues will pecke in reſcue of their brood.
The ſauage Beare will neuer licke his hand,
That ſpoiles her of her young before her face.
By vniuſt deeds, a true prince growes a Tyrant.
Nothing more abiect than a tyrant is.
He that in bountie doth exceed himſelfe,
Becomes a tyrant afterward to others.
Tyrants ſubdue by ſtrength, maintaine in hate.
Tyrants are Nobles ſcourge, the commons plague.
Kings as they ought, Tyrants rule as they liſt.
The one to profit all, the other few.
No peace, no hope, no reſt hath tyrannie.
One iniurie, makes not a tyrannie.
Princes ought iuſtly to defend their owne,
Rather than tyrant-like to conquer others.
Who kings refuſe, deſerue a tyrant Lord.
Vſurping rule is held by tyrannie.
Tyrannie in a teacher is moſt vile:
For youth with loue, not rigour ſhould be taught.
Tyrants tread lawes and honour vnder foot.
Subiects in Tyrants eyes, are held as ſlaues.
Tyrants by armes, the iuſt referre their cauſe
To due arbitrement of right and lawes.
Tyrants reigne hath ſeldome permanence.
Tyrants doe neuer die an honeſt death.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS kings doe rule by counsell and aduise,
So tyrants by their will, and not by law.
As want of riches makes a tyrant prince,
So great abundance heapes vp wickednes.
As boistrous winds doe shake the highest towers,
So blood and death cuts off proud tyrannie.
As enuie shooteth at the fairest markes,
So tyrants leuell at true princes liues.
As soreſt tempests are in largest seas,
So greatest euill ensues on tyrannie.
As trees are alwaies weakest toward the top,
So falleth Tyrants in their chiefest height.

Examples likewise on the same.

THrasillus teaching meanes of tyrannie,
Was first enforst to tast thereof himselfe.
Scyron threw others headlong in the sea,
Till *Theseus* did rise like by him at length.
Caligula wisht Rome had but one head,
That at one stroke himselfe might finish it off.
Cyrus that neuer had enough of blood,
Had afterward his head all drown'd in blood.
The soules of tyrants, *Plutarch* doth affirme,
To be compos'd of cruelties and pride.
A tyrant seekes his priuate benefit
And no mans else, as *Seneca* maintaines.

Of Treaſon,&c.

Treaſon is hated both of God and men,
As ſuch a ſinne, as none can greater be.

TReaſon hath no place where obedience is.
Rebellion doth bewray corrupted nature.
There is no treaſon woundeth halfe ſo deepe,
As that which doth in Princes boſomes ſleepe.
Rebellion ſprings of too much head-ſtrong will.
The rebell ſhrinkes, where rule and order ſwayes.
Kings pallaces ſtand open to let in
The ſoothing traitour, and the guide to ſinne.
In darkneſſe dwels the blind rebellious mind.
Traitours are loath'd, and yet their treaſon lou'd.
They that gainſt ſtates and kingdomes doe conſpire,
Their head-long ruine none can well recure.
Treaſon firſt workes ere traitors are eſpied.
Moſt bitter-ſower doth foule rebellion taſte.
Betime 'tis good to let the traitour die,
For ſparing iuſtice feeds iniquitie.
All filthie floods flow from rebellions brinks.
So vertue merits praiſe with treaſon touch't.
No worthy mind by treaſon will aſſaile,
When as he knowes his valour can preuaile.

A factious Lord ſeld benefits him-ſelfe.
Who builds in blood and treaſon, builds vnſure.
A troubled ſtreame of puddle mixt with mire,
Doth quench the thirſt of rebels hot deſire.
Men in ſeditions noure'd, in factions liue.
Shame, is the rightfull end of treacherie.
It's madneſſe to giue way to treacherie,
Without due Vengeance to ſuch iniurie.
In careleſſe truſt is treaſon ſooneſt found.
Reuolted ſubiects of them-ſelues will quaile.
No greater ſpight, than baſely be betrayed
By ſuch a one whome thou before haſt made.
Reuolt's a miſchiefe, euer-more pernitious.
Who nill be ſubiects, ſhall be ſlaues at length.
Conuerſe with treachers, looke for treacherie:
Who deales with bad men, muſt haue iniurie.
Conflict with traitors is moſt perillous.
A traitor once, ne're truſted afterward.
They that doe court deadly to betray,
By ſweeteſt meanes firſt practiſe to entrap.
No place is ſafe enough for any traitour.
Time is the touch that treacherous minds doth try.
Nothing auailes ſtrong bulwarkes, fence or towers:
When treacherous foes all inward ſtrength deuoures.
Traitours are ſubiect to continuall feare.
Traitours, like vipers, gnaw their countries bones.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS Iuie kills the tree embracing it,
So traitours murder with their ſmootheſt lookes.
As euill ſauours doe corrupt the aire,
So treachers doe pollute a common-weale.

As in faire weather greateſt ſtormes ariſe,
So in mild ſeaſons treaſon is moſt bold.
As braunches too much loden quickly breake,
So traitors too farre truſted, doe moſt harme.
As too much rankeneſſe bends the ſtalkes of corne,
So too much mildneſſe whets the traitor on.
As hawkes are loſt by ſoaring ouer-high,
So traitours periſh in their chiefeſt hopes.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

THey that ſlew *Caſar* in the Senate-houſe
Periſht like traitours, neuer proſpered.
The traitours that great *Pompey* did betray,
With death did *Caſar* iuſtly guerdon them.
Sylla to her owne father proou'd vntrue,
And therefore felt deſert accordingly.
Lyciſcus rotted aliue aboue the ground
For his vile treaſon to th'Orcmenians.
Th'Athenians would let none be buried,
That had beene traitours to the countrey.
Tullie ſaith: Wiſe men not at any time
Will truſt a traitour or a faithleſſe man.

Of Enuie.

Enuie is nothing els but griefe of mind,
Conceiu'd at ſight of others happineſſe.

ENuie is hand-maid to proſperitie.
Enuie let in, doth in more miſchiefe let.
Enuie doth ceaſe, wanting to feed vpon.
Enuious is he, that grieues his neighbors good.
Enuie hath oft times eloquence in ſtore
To ſerue his turne, than which he craues no more.
Ill will too ſoone regardeth enuies cryes.
Hee's moſt enuied, that moſt exceeds the reſt.
Promotions chaung'd, glorie is enuies marke.
No ſooner excellent, but enuied ſtraight.
Enuie doth vertue in ſuch ſort diſgrace,
It makes men foes to them they ſhould embrace.
Enuie to honour, is a ſecret foe.
The fruits of enuie, is deſpight and hate.
It's hate, which enuies vertue in a friend.
Anger and enuie, are liues enemies.
Enuie liues with vs whole our ſelues ſuruiue,
And when we die, it is no more aliue.
Let enuie with misfortune be contented.
Honour is ſtill a moate in enuies eye.

Enuie cannot offend but ſuch as liue,
On dead mens vertues, enuie hath no power.
Enuie in this point may be knowne from hate:
The one is euident, the other hid.
All poyſoned thoughts are enuies daily food.
Enuie is friendſhips ſecret enemie.
Enuie at other ſhoots, but wounds her ſelfe.
It's better be enuied, than pitied.
Enuie doth make the body ill diſpos'd,
And kills the colour of the countenance.
Men enuious, by their manners are beſt knowne.
Enuie doth often brag, but drawes no blood.
Enuie like lightning in the darke is ſeene.
Enuie is blind, and vertues mortall foe.
Enuie doth ſcorne to caſt her eye below:
As proud ambition alwayes gazeth vp.
As ruſt the iron, ſo enuie frets the heart.
At good mens fatneſſe, enuie waxeth leane.
Enuie ſpots beauties colours with diſdaine.
Enuie will reach at them are fartheſt off.
The enuious man is fed with daintie fare,
For his owne heart is his continuall food.
Enuie is mightie mens companion.
Enuies diſeaſe proceeds from others good.
Enuie at vertues elbow alwaies waits.
The enuious man, thinkes others loſſe, his gaine.
It's better be a beggers mate in loue,
Than in baſe enuie, fellow with a king.
Enuie teares vp the dead, buries the quicke.
Enuie ſpeakes alwaies what comes next in mind.
Glorie erects, what enuie caſteth downe.
Enuie is like a ſhaft ſhot from a bow,
Which flyes a while aloft, but lighteth low.
The enuious man ne're ſpares to perſecute.

Enuie

Hid enuie is more daungerous than knowne.
When enuie winckes, then waiteth he moſt harme.
If any man be good, he is enuied:
If euill, then himſelfe is enuious.
Patience endures what euer enuie dare.
An enuious neighbour is a double ill.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS Rauens by their bands are eaſily knowne,
So enuies lookes doe moſt diſcloſe her ſelfe.
As greateſt floods haue alwaies quickeſt ebbes,
So enuies heat is commonly ſoone cold.
As rigour blaſteth fancies faireſt bloomes,
So enuie doth the nobleſt man diſgrace.
As no diſeaſe with inward griefe compares,
So nothing more than enuie wounds the mind.
As fier not maintain'd is quickly out,
So enuie not ſupplyed, dies of it ſelfe.
As in the Cedar, wormes doe neuer breed,
So in the wiſe, enuie can haue no power.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

PHilip was told that men enuied him:
Quoth he; *I care not, I haue giuen no cauſe.*
Caligula had ſuch an enuious heart,
As he repin'd at all mens happineſſe.
Th' Athenians ſo enuied *Themiſtocles*,
As they made verſes in reproch of him.
Pompey and *Ceſar* enuie to each other,
Can ſcant be matcht in any hiſtories.
Plutarch ſaith enuie is damn'd ſorcerie,
And therefore wiſht it generally abhorr'd.
Thucidides graunts, wiſe men may be enuied,
Only to make their vertues ſhine the more.

Of Lust.

Lust, is the minds disturber, purses foe:
The conscience wronger, and first step to woe.

LVst oft is fill'd, but neuer satisfied.
Lasciuious lust the sences doth deceiue.
Where lust gets footing, shame doth soon ensue.
Lust like a lxurherne sheweth through it selfe,
The poysoned Genime hid within it selfe.
Lust puts the most vnlawfull things in vre.
The Leachers tongue, is neuer void of guile.
Lust lines by spoile, like theeues that rob true men.
Lust makes oblusion, beateth reason backe:
Forgetteth shames pure blush, and honours wracke.
The flames of lust doe from loues fewel rise.
The filth of lust, vncleanneſſe wallowes in.
Lust gads abroad, desire doth seldome sleepe.
Most sweet it is, swift fame to ouer-goe:
But vile to liue in lusts blacke ouerthrow.
Where lust is law, it booteth not to plead.
Lust lacks no wings, when loue is fled away.
Blind is base lust, false colours to deserie.
Lustes Owle-sight eyes are dazeled with the light,
Yet see too clearely in the darkest night.

Loue ſurfets not, luſt like a glutton dies.
Loue is all truth, luſt full of periur'd lyes.
Luſts winter comes ere ſommer halfe is done.
While luſt is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curbe his heat, or reuoke his raſh deſire.
Luſt being Lord, there is no truſt in kings.
Leud luſt is endleſſe, pleaſure hath no bounds.
As corne o're-growes by weeds, ſo feare by luſt.
All faire humanitie abhorres the deed,
That ſtaines with luſt loues modeſt ſnow-white weed.
Teares harden luſt, though marble weare with drops.
Faire loue, foule luſt, are deadly enemies.
Luſt blowes the fire when temperance is thawed.
Faire day diſcouers luſtes obſcureſt wayes,
And ſheweth euch thing as it is indeed.
The loue of luſt is loſſe vnto our health.
Luſt led with enuie, dreads no deadly ſinne.
Sower is the eaſe that from luſts root doth ſpring.
Inchaſtitie is euer proſtitute,
Whoſe tree we loath when we haue pluckt the fruit
It is great vertue to abſtaine from luſt.
Who followes luſt, can neuer come to loue.
Luſt alwaies ſeekes the ruine of chaſte loue.
Better ſeueritie that's right and iuſt,
Than impotent affections led with luſt.
Greatneſſe doth make it great incontinence.
No bondage like the ſlauiſh life to luſt.
Luſt is a pleaſure bought with after paine.
The gate that opens to iniquitie,
Is vnreſtrained luſt and libertie.
Luſt by continuance growes to impudence.
Shame and diſgrace attend vnbridled luſt.
Adulterie is iniurie to nature
Where wicked luſt doth dwell in foule exceſſe,

That is no house but for damn'd beastlines.
Adult'rie is vnlawfull matrimonie.
Adult'rie is despis'd among bruit beasts.
Concupiscence doth violence the soule.
Lust comforteth like Sun-shine after raine,
But lusts effect is tempest after Sunne.
No beastlines like base concupiscence.
Lust is the path-way to perdition.
Concupiscence leads on the way to death.
Poore sillie flyes may teach great men be iust:
And not to yeeld them-selues a prey to lust.
Lust is in age most loathsome, vile in youth.
Lust makes vs couet things beyond our power.
Lust cuts off life before the dated time.
Lust neuer taketh ioy in what is aue,
But still leaues knowne delights to seeke out new.
A man long plung'd in lust, is hardly purg'd.
Slothfulnesse is the nourisher of lust.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS fire consumeth wood into it selfe,
So lust drawes men into her deepest sinnes.
As Sulphur being hot, is quickly fier'd,
So lust vnbridled easily is prouokt.
As wanton thoughts are full of wanton speech,
So leud conceits are fild with loose desires.
As greadie minds encroch on others right,
So lust makes no respect of leud delight.
As leprosie the members doth corrupt,
So luxurie enuenometh the soule.
As rauenous birds make no respect of prey,
So all are apt that come in lusts foule way.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

Cleopatra had her brothers companie,
Wronging there by her husband & her ſelfe.
Thaleſtris trauail'd fiue and twentie dayes,
To lye one night with mightie *Alexander*.
Claudius of his owne ſiſters made no ſpare.
Semiramis in luſt deſir'd her ſoone.
Nero ſlew *Atticus* the Romane Conſull,
That he might haue acceſſe vnto his wife.
Ariſtotle ſaith, that luſt mens bodies chaunge,
And likewiſe breedeth madneſſe in their ſoules.
Hippocrates call'd luſt the foule diſeaſe,
Than which could be no worſe infection.

Of Pride.

Pride, is a puft vp mind, a ſwolne deſire,
That by vaine-glory ſeeketh to aſpire.

PRide, is the chiefe diſgrace beautie can haue.
Pride drawes on vengeance, vengeance hath no meane.
Weake weapons doe the greateſt pride abate.

When pride but pointeth once vnto his fall,
He beares a sword to slay himselfe withall.
aine-glorie neuer tempetance doth retaine.
aine-glorie fondly gazeth on the skies.
ride gapes aloft, and scorneth humble lookes.
Pride is contemned, scorn'd, disdain'd, derided:
While humblenesse of all things is prouided.
roud will is deafe, and heares no heedfull friends.
he flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace;
uppresse the proud, helpe to support the meeke.
Vaine-glories Vice like to the mistie night,
Doth blemish oft our Vertues shining bright.
mall Gnats enforc'd proud *Pharaoh* soone to stoope.
ery vnsurely stands the foot of pride.
aine-glorious men desire to please their eies.
Such is the nature still of haughtie pride,
That others praise, can nothing worse abide.
ight illustrates, outward brauerie blinds.
hame followes pride, as doth the bodies shade.
it oft-times wrackes, by selfe conceit of pride.
Though pride leads on, yet shame doth wast behind,
And shame for pride by iustice is assign'd.
eautie breeds pride, pride bringeth forth disdaine.
ertue is plac'd where pride may not presume.
he plague of pride presumption did begin.
Nothing there is that heauen can worse abide,
Amongst mens deeds, than arrogance and pride.
rust not to choise of proud confederates.
igh builded castles ouer looke low lands.
uie is auncient'st sinne, but pride is greatest.
Proud thoughts, that greatest matters take in hand,
Falls soonest, where they safest thinke to stand.
orrow ne're followes him that flyes from pride.
here least desert is, alwaies pride is most.

Prides

Prides lowreſt ſtep is blood, Enuie the higheſt.
Pride bathes in teares of poore ſubmiſſion,
And makes hir ſoule the purple he puts on.
A proud mans glory, ſoone begets defame.
A riche man hardly can be free from pride.

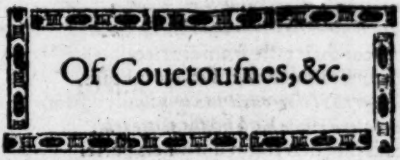
Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS vapours in aſcending ſoone are loſt,
So prides preſuming but confounds it ſelfe.
As great fires hazard ſimple cottages,
So pride in poore men is moſt perillous.
As winds blow ſternely being neere to ceaſe,
So pride is loftieſt, neere deſtruction.
As *Cedar* trees vnfruitfull are and ſtiffe,
So proud men helpe not any, nor themſelues.
As pride is the beginner of all vice,
So the deſtruction is it of all vertue.
As ſtill the dropſie couets after drinke,
So pride is neuer pleaſed but with pride.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

FAbius the Senatour, o're-come with pride,
Swallowved a haire in milke, and thereof dyed.
Poppea that was *Neroes* concubine,
Had with the pureſt gold her horſes ſhod.
Chares for hurting *Cyrus* in the knee,
Became ſo proud, that forth-with he ran mad.
The Emperour *Diocleſian* in his pride,
Would needs be call'd the brother to the Sunne.
Saith *Ariſtotle*, Men ouercome with pride,

eir betters nor their equals can abide.
untilian would haue men of greateſt gifts,
ther be humble, than ſwolne vp with pride.



Of Couetouſnes, &c.

uetouſnes is onely root of ill,
hat kingdome, conſcience, ſoule and all doth ſpill.

Hey that moſt couet, oftentimes looſe more.
Gaine commeth in, while as the miſer ſleeps.
Couetous wretches doe ſuch greefes ſuſtaine,
That they proue bankrupts in their greateſt gaine.
ine is it, all to haue and nothing vſe.
emperance thralles men to couetiſe.
Treaſure is moſt abus'd, being hoorded vp,
When being employed, it turneth two for one.
vaine to couet more than we need vſe.
that encrocheth much is alwaies needie.
Rich roabes, both other and themſelues adorne,
But nonthemſelues nor others if not worne.
eat is the ſcope that greedie will deſires.
nes got with infamie, is greateſt loſſe.
Leſſe ſinnes the poore man, that doth ſtarue him-ſelfe,
Than he that ſlayes his ſoule by hoording pelfe.
Th
ire to haue, doth make vs much endure.

Auarice

Auarice is good to none, worse to himselfe.
Who would not wish his treasure safe from theeues,
And rid his heart of pannes, his eyes from teares?
The man that couets much, he wanteth much.
The gaine of gold makes many loose their soules.
Learnings decay, is thankelesse auarice:
Not rendring vertue her deseruing price.
All vices haue their taste from auarice.
The couetous mans excuse, is childrens care.
Who buys th'idolatrous desire of gold,
To scorne and ruine hath his freedome sold.
The deuils mouth is tearm'd a misers purse.
Mens faults, by couetousnes the world discernes.
The greedie wretch what for himselfe still spares,
Doth hoord & nothing but continuall cares.
A couetous eye doth seldome find content.
Desire of gaine, at no time hath enough.
A niggard seldome wanteth this slye shift,
To call his cursed auarice, good thrift.
The couetous minded man is alwayes poore.
Couetousnes runnes round about the world.
Couetousnes deserues hir eternall hate
In Iustices & rulers of a state.
Auarice disease, nothing can cure but death.
To flye from auarice is a kingdomes gaine.
So greedie minds may but augment their wealth,
They not respect how much they harme their health.
How hard from couetousnes can men refraine?
Gold, that makes all men false, is true it selfe.
Treasures fast hard & by a couetous mind,
As prodigall expenders after find.
The more we spare, the more we hope to gaine.
To haue gold, and to haue it safe, is all.
In old men, couetousnesse is monstrous,

Becauſe they are ſo neare their iournies end.
Auarice (like the dropſie) ſtill ſeekes more.
The gulfe of greedineſſe will ne're be fild.
The couetous churle, whoſe care great heapes attaines:
Hath for his end affliction, griefe his gaines.
Auarice is the chiefeſt hooke of death.
The miſers mind is neuer ſatisfied.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS fire, the more it hath, the fiercer burnes,
So couetous minds doe alwaies craue for more.
As Bees doe flocke vnto a hony-dew,
So couetous men ſtill haunt the ſcente of gaine.
As greateſt fiſh deuoure the ſmaller frie,
So couetous wretches feed vpon the poore.
As gluttons from them-ſelues can nothing ſpare,
So miſers will let nothing paſſe their purſe.
As without waues we neuer ſee the ſea,
So couetous men are neuer free from cares.
As clouds doe ſomtime hide the Sunnes cleare light,
So couetouſnes deprriues the light of grace.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

HErmocrates lying at the point of death,
Bequeath'd his goods to no one but himſelfe.
Euclio hid his treaſure in his houſe.
And durſt not goe abroad for feare of robbing.
Caligula became ſo couetous,
That he would ſpare no meanes to compaſſe coine.
Demonicus for gold ſold Epheſus,

And

And after died vnder the weight thereof.
Socrates ſeing one ignorant, yet rich,
Said: He was nothing but a golden ſlaue.
Diogenes would ſay to couetous men,
That he had rather be their ſheepe, than ſonne.

Of Sloth, &c.

Sloth is to Vertue, chiefeſt enemie:
And Idlenes, the guide to euery ill.

SLoth dulles the wit, and doth corrupt our ſtrength.
Sloth both corrupts, and chokes the vitall powers.
Idlenes is a death in life eſteem'd.
Long ſlumbers are for idle perſons meet.
The idle lurke, that no way is enclin'd,
Walkes as one dead among the liuing kind.
Eaſe is the mother of diſſention.
Who growes too negligent, too ſoone repents.
Humours, by much exceſſe of eaſe are bred.
All idle workes are but the workes of lyes.
All idle houres are Calenders of ruth,
And time ill ſpent is prendice to youth.
Idleneſſe cauſeth errour and ignorance.
Through idlenes, kingdomes haue ben deſtroi'd.
Idlenes is the root of deſperation.

The idle mind is apt to all vncleanneſſe.
In height of weale who hath a ſlothfull heart,
Repents too late his ouer-fooliſh part.
Sloth blunts conceit, but ſtudie ſharpens it.
Proſperitie alwaies engendreth ſloth.
The ſlothfull man in his owne want doth ſleepe.
Sloth hinders thrift, and much diſpleaſeth God.
Loue is a prodigie to loytring wits,
A hell of loſe, a trap for idle toies.
The idle heart is mooued with no prayers.
In doing nothing, men learne to doe ill.
Sloth is a feare of labour to enſue.
The Bees abide no idle Drones among them.
Vſurie is the nource of idlenes:
And idlenes the mother of all euill.
The wiſe mans idlenes, is daily labour.
A noble nature, ſloth dooth ſoone corrupt.
Idlenes is the canker of the mind.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS mothes eat garments that are ſeldome worne,
So idlenes infecteth loytring wits.
As too much bending breakes the ſtrongeſt bow,
So too much ſloth corrupts the chaſteſt mind.
As moſſe growes on thoſe ſtones which are not ſtirr'd,
So ſloth defiles the ſoule, not well employed.
As ſtanding waters venemous wormes ingender,
So idle braines beget vnholy thoughts.
As pooles freeze ſooner than the running ſtreames,
So idle men ſpeed worſe than thoſe that worke.
As ſitters ſooner ſleepe than they that walke,
So ſinne tempts ſooner ſloth, than diligence.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Scipio did baniſh from his campe, all ſuch
As could be toucht with ſloth or idlenes.
The wiſe men thus did anſwere *Alexander*.
If he were idle, long he could not liue
Becauſe the *Sabies* did abound in wealth,
They gaue them-ſelues to nought but idlenes.
Metellus being arriu'd in Africa,
Diſmiſt all meanes might offer idlenes.
Tully ſaith, Men were borne to doe good workes,
As a preſeruatiue gainſt idlenes.
Pythagoras gaue all his ſchollers charge,
At no time to admit an idle thought.

Of Anger, &c.

Anger is entrance to vnſeemely wrath, Prouoking Furie, Rage, and Violence.

ANgers raſh fire conceal'd enkindles more.
Anger muſt be no reaſon of diuorce.
Anger doth ſtill his owne miſhaps encreaſe.
Thunder affrighteth ſuſants in the ſchooles.

And angry threats are conquests meet for fooles.
What reason vrgeth, rage doth ſtill denie.
Vntamed rage doth all aduiſe reiect.
Rage is like fire, and naturally aſcends.
Hot haſtie wrath, and heedleſſe hazardie,
Breeds late repentance, and long infamie.
Full many miſchiefes follow haſtie wrath.
Happie who can abſtaine when anger ſwelles.
Words haue great power t'appeaſe enflamed rage.
Furie and frenzies are fit companie,
To helpe to blaze a wofull tragedie.
Mightie mens anger is more fear'd than death.
Miſshapen ſtuffe is meet for rude demeanour.
Violent fires doe ſoone burne out them-ſelues.
Oft times we ſee, men troubled with annoy
Doe laugh for anger, and yet weepe for ioy.
Small ſhowers laſt long, but angry ſtormes are ſhort.
Oft outward rage doth inward griefes encreaſe.
The wrathfull man is ſeldome free from vvoe.
The broken tops of loftie trees declare,
The furie of a mercie-wanting ſtorme.
Men will not ſpend their furie on a child.
Young ſlippes are neuer graft in windie dayes.
Loue being reſiſted, growes impacient.
Raine added to a riuer that is ranke,
Perforce will make it ouer-flow the banke.
Calmes ſeldome hold, without enſuing ſtormes.
Choller vnto digeſtion is a friend.
He that loues eaſe, offends no angrie man.
If once the fire be to the powder got,
It's then too late to ſeeke to flie the ſhot.
Heat added vnto heat, augmenteth it.
There is no reſt, where rage runnes all on head.
The waters ſweil before a boiſtrous ſtorme.

In windie dayes we hold our garments faſt,
But glaring Sun-ſhine makes vs put them off.
Tydes being reſtrain'd, o're-ſwell their bounds with rage.
The depth is hid by troubling of the flood.
Great miſts ariſe before the greateſt raine.
If rage ſpare not the walles of pietie,
How ſhall the profane piles of ſinne keepe ſtrong?
The raine doth ceaſe, before the floods doe riſe.
All ſtormes are calmed by a gentle ſtarre.
Pale angrie death a greedie longing ſtops.
When diſcontented ſectes and ſchiſmes ariſe,
They feed the ſimple, and offend the wiſe.
The edge of reprehenſion, is ſharpe words.
Reprooue with loue, not anger, others faults.
Cold breath doth not coole fire, but makes more hot.
What is with furie and ſterne rage begun,
Doth challenge ſhame before it be halfe done.
Fond diſagreement is loues ouerthrow.
Loue ſhould preuaile, iuſt anger to aſſwage.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS hate is oft conceiu'd vpon no cauſe,
So anger on ſmall matters doth enſue.
As he that loueth quiet ſleeps ſecure
So he that yeelds to wrath, much harmes him-ſelfe.
As wrathfull anger is a grieuous fault,
So ſufferance is great commendation.
As winter commonly is full of ſtormes,
So angrie minds haue ſtill impatient thoughts.
As luke-warme water inward heats aſſwage,
So gentle language calmeth angers rage.
As tumours riſe by blowes vpon the fleſh,
So anger ſwelles by bufferting the mind.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

GReat *Alexander*, in his angrie mood
Kild *Clytus*, his old councellour and friend.
Dyonyſius being ouer-come with rage,
Stabd to the heart his innocent poore Page.
Periander, angry and miſſe-gouerned,
His deare wife moſt vnkindly murdered.
Architas, though his bond-man did amiſſe,
Yet in his anger he refus'd to ſmite him.
Euripides, held nothing in a man
Of more defect, than ſterne impatience.
The elder *Cato* counſail'd angrie men,
To baniſh rage, if they deſir'd long life.

Of Gluttony, &c.

Gluttonie, drunkenneſſe, and leud exceſſe,
Is the high-way to woe and wretchedneſſe.

VVHo daily taſte neat wine, do water loath.
Diſorder breeds by heating of the blood.
Aduantage feeds him fat while men delay.
In Italie, the fat, faire, ſlicke and full,

Are better liu'd than leane, lanke, spare and dull.
Staru'd men best gesse the sweetnesse of a feast.
Worldlings (like Antes) eat vp the gaines of men.
Things vndigested, neuer turne to blood.
Steele is the glasse of beautie for our sight,
But wine is teares d, the mirrour of the mind.
A beastly shape with brutish soule agrees.
Set-banquets made by Courtiers, want no cares.
It's good in health to counsell with a Leach.
It's good abstaining from superfluous feasts:
Where too much feeding maketh men brute beasts.
Wine burnes vp beautie, and prouokes on age.
No secretie abides, where liues excesse.
Excesse is nothing else, but wilfull madnesse.
He that delights in pampering vp himselfe,
Is chiefest seeker of his bodies shame.
Chastities daunger waits on drunkennesse.
Wine is the earths blood, and th'abusers blame.
A double fire in man, is wine and youth.
Gluttonie dryes the bones, more thereby die
Than in a kingdome perish by the sword.
Surfet hath sicknesse to attend on him.
Gluttonie causeth many maladies.
Excesse is that which soone dispatcheth life.
Rich men may feed their bellies when they please,
But poore mens dinners stay till they haue meat.
Much feeding causeth much infirmitie.
The belly alwaies is a thanklesse beast.
Drunkennesse is a many-headed monster.
Moderate diet is a wise mans badge,
But surfet me, the glory of a foole.
Women and wine haue made the wise to dote.
Too much of any thing conuerts to vice.
A meane in all things is most commendable.

Similies

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS corporall faſting quickens vp the ſoule,
So too much feeding doth depreſſe it downe.
As ſable clouds obſcure the ſiluer Moone,
So gluttonie dimmes glorie of the mind.
As birds with weightie bodies hardly flie,
So men o're-come with drinke, ſcant rightly goe.
As too much wet doth cauſe a moorish ground,
So too much drinke doth make a muddie mind.
As ſhips of lighteſt burden lightlieſt ſaile,
So minds of quickeſt motion are moſt apt.
As drowſie ſouldiours are vnfit for fight,
So drunken humours are not meet for men.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

THe Tyrant *Dionyſius*, by much drinke,
Loſt vtterly the benefit of ſight.
Aruntius in his beaſtly drunkennes,
With his owne daughter inceſt did commit.
Ptolomie ſlew his father and his mother,
Through wine and women, dying like a beaſt.
Geta the Emperour three dayes feaſting fate,
Seru'd by the order of the Alphabet.
Men giuen to belly-ſeruice, *Plato* ſaith,
Deſerue no better name, than brutiſh beaſts.
Exceſſe (ſaith *Tullie*) is a teſtimonie
Of ſoules incontinence, and baſe deſires.

Similies

Of Griefe,&c.

Griefe, Sorrow, Woe, and ſighing care,
Endaunger health, and often vrge deſpaire.

GRiefe doth await on life, though neuer ſought.
Griefe being diſclos'd, the ſooner is recur'd.
Ech griefe beſt iudgeth of his contrarie.
Extreame and hard with ſorrow doth it goe,
Where woe becomes a comforter to woe.
Sorrow doth dimme the iudgement of the wit.
Great griefes more eaſily can be thought than told.
There is no griefe, but time doth make it leſſe.
Sighes of them-ſelues are ouer-ſilent much,
And farre too ſhort to make our ſorrowes knowne.
Griefe to it ſelfe moſt dreadfull doth appeare.
Neuer was ſorrow quite deuoid of feare.
Sorrow beſt fitteth with a cloudie cell.
Still we behold ſome griefe our bliſſe beſets,
Yet often-times that griefe, ſome good begets.
Sorrow diſcloſeth what it moſt doth grieue.
The deapth of griefe with words is ſounded leaſt.
No plaiſter helpes before the griefe be knowne.
Words are but ſhadowes of a further ſmart,
But inward griefe doth truly touch the heart.

Sowe

Sower is the ſweet that ſorrow doth maintaine.
A heauie heart, whith ſorrowes pipe muſt daunce.
Sorrow her ſelfe, is in her ſelfe confounded.
Where ſorrow ſerues for food, where drinke is teares,
There pleaſure ſighes amidſt confuſed feares.
Sighes often ſue, but ſeldome times find grace.
We may conclude our words, but not our woes.
Great griefes are mute, when mirth can chearely ſpeake.
What bootes it plaine that cannot be redreſt,
Or ſpwe vaine ſorrowes in a fruitleſſe care?
Nothing auaileth griefe, when fates denie.
Cares, cloſe conceal'd, doe aggrauate the paine.
It's eaſe to tell the cares that inly touch.
Men torne with tempeſts, ſafe arriu'd at laſt,
May ſit and ſing, and tell of ſorrowes paſt.
Well fitteth moane the mind, ne're kill'd with care.
A double griefe afflicts concealing hearts.
One louing hower quits many yeares of griefe.
When thou doſt feele thy conſcience rent with griefe,
Thy ſelfe purſueſt thy ſelfe, both robd, and thiefe.
All earthly ſights can nought but ſorrow breed.
Woe waxeth old, by being ſtill renew'd.
Woe neuer wants, where euery cauſe is caught.
When ſorrow once is ſeated in our eyes,
What-e're we ſee, encreaſeth miſeries.
Men change the aire, but ſeldome change their cares.
Griefes are long liu'd, and ſorrowes ſeldome die.
Griefe need no feigned action to be taught.
Know how to weepe when mightie griefes conſtraine,
Elſe teares and ſighes are meerely ſpent in vaine.
Sorrow growes ſence-leſſe, when too much ſhe bears.
We need not cheriſh griefes, too faſt they grow.
Woe be to him that dyes of his owne woe.
To moane eſtate, but common woes are knowne.

But crownes haue cares that euer be vnknowne.
Sorrow doth make the shortest time seeme long.
One griefe conceal'd, more grieuous is than ten.
From strongest woe we hardly language wrest.
Oft times it haps, that sorrowes of the mind
Find helpe vnsought, that seeking cannot find.
Huge horrors, in high tydes of griefes are drown'd.
Woe past may once laugh present woe to scorne.
Griefe carueth deepest, comming from the heart.
Enough of griefe it is to pensiue minds,
To feele their faults, and not be further vext.
Care makes men passionate, and sorrow dumbe.
High floods of ioy oft falls by ebbes of griefe.
No note is sweet, where griefe beares all the ground.
It's euer pleasing for a man to heare,
Those griefes discourst, that once were hard to heare.
Some often sing that haue more cause to sigh.
Griefe neuer parts from a care-filled breast.
Free vent of griefe doth ease the ouer-flow.
Vnhappie man, the subiect of misfortune,
Whose very birth doth following woe importune.
Mens dayes of woe are long, but short of ioy.
Our time may passe, but cares will neuer die.
Oft greatest cares, the greatest comforts kill.
Men die, and humane kind doth passe away,
But griefe (that makes them die) doth euer stay.
Ioy still ascends, but sorrow sings below.
Men may lament, but neuer disanull.
Sorrow still seazeth on a grieued heart.
Things of small moment we can scarsely hold,
But greefes that touch the heart, are harsly told.
They easily grieue, that cannot chose but moane.
Sorrow concludes not when it seemeth done.
Conceit deriues from some fore-fathers griefe.

Conceiued griefe reboundeth where it falls:
Not with the emptie hollownesse, but weight.
Things past redresse should be as free from care.
It is no losse to be exempt from care.
Against a chaunge, woe is o're-run with woe.
Woe with the heauier weight doth alwaies sit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne.
The deepest cares cure not the smallest griefe.
Sorrow is mortall enemie to health.
Griefe wanteth words to vtter what it would.
Fell gnarling sorrow hath least power to bite
The man that mockes it, and doth set it light.
No need to hasten care, it comes too soone.
Griefes best redresse, is the best sufferance.
Griefe finds some ease by him that beareth like.
Sharpe sorrowes tooth doth neuer rankle more,
Than when he bites, and launceth not the sore.
The hearts deepe sorrow hates both light and life.
Mirth may not sojourne with blacke male-content.
What helpeth care, when cure is past and gone?
Eeh substance of a griefe hath twentie shades,
Which shewes like griefe it selfe, yet is not so.
is some ease our sorrowes to reueale.
orrow doth euer long to heare the worst.
ong are their nights whose cares doe neuer sleepe.
The eyes of sorrow glaz'd with blinding teares,
Deuides one thing entire to many obiects.
o farre remoone can make sterne sorow lesse,
are-charming sleepe, is sonne of sable night.
lely we grieue, when fruitlesselv we grieue.
Their legges can keepe no measure in delight,
Whose heart doe hold no measure in their griefe.
ey that report griefe, feele it for the time.
dsoules are slaine in merrie companie.

Griefe

Griefe is beſt pleas'd with griefes ſocietie.
In wooing ſorrow, it is beſt be briefe,
When wedding it, there is ſuch length in griefe.
Great griefe grieues moſt at that would do it good.
Griefe dallied with, nor law nor limit knowes.
A wofull hoſteſſe brookes no merrie gueſts.
Ech thinks him-ſelfe to fetch the deepeſt grone,
Becauſe he feeles no ſorrow but his owne.
Diſtreſſe likes dumps, when time is kept with teares.
Woe is moſt tedious when her words are briefe.
Though woe be heauie, yet it ſeldome ſleepes.
Kind fellowſhip in woe, doth woe aſſwage,
As Palmers that makes ſhort their pilgrimage.
Loue ne're ſo loyall, is not free from care.
Weepe ne're ſo long, yet griefe muſt haue an end.
Of ſorrow, comes but fancies and fond dreames.
True ſorrow then is feelingly ſuffis'd,
When with like ſemblance it is ſympathiz'd.
Sad hearts with weeping liue vpon their teares.
Sad ſighes ſet downe the hearts moſt feeling woes.
Aſſurance alway putteth griefe to flight.
Deepe woes roll forward like a gentle floud,
Which being ſtopt, the bounding bankes o're-flowes.
Accuſtom'd ſorrow, is meere cruelties.
Sorrow is very doubtfull in beleefe.
Silence, is ſorrowes chiefeſt Oratour.
To ſee ſad ſights, mooues more than heare them told:
For then the eye interprets to the eare.
Societie makes paſſions ſtill leſſe ſtrong.
All ſence muſt die where griefe too much abounds.
All care is bootleſſe in a careleſſe caſe.
Sorrow is like a heauie hanging bell,
Which ſet on ringing, with his owne weight goes.
Sorrow beſt ſpeakes by ſignes of heauie eyes.

On greateſt charge, the greateſt care attends.
Dombe is the meſſage of a hidden griefe.
Sorrow breakes ſeaſons, and repoſing houres
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tyde night.
Our inward cares are moſt pent in with griefe.
Sad cares, mens eyes doth alwaies open keepe.
Short walkes ſeeme long when ſorrow metes the way.
Sorrow hath onely this poore bare reliefe,
To be bemoand of ſuch as wofull are.
Wounds helpe not wounds, nor griefe eaſe grieuous deeds.
Exceſſe of ſorrow liſtneth no reliefe.
Paſſions encreaſing, multiply complaints.
To moane ones care, yet cannot help his thrall,
It kills his heart, but comforts not at all.
No griefe like to the bondage of the mind.
No outward vtterance can commaund conceit.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS fire ſuppreſt, is much more forcible,
So griefes conceal'd, vrge greater paſſions.
As ſtreames reſtrain'd breake through or ouer-flow,
So ſorrow ſmoother'd, growes to greater woe.
As tendreſt wood is moſt annoyed of wormes,
So feebleſt minds doth ſorrow moſt afflict.
As clouds doe rob vs of faire heauens beautie,
So care bereaues vs of our ſpeeches libertie.
As the ſweet roſe doth grow among the bryars
So oft in ſorrowes ſome content is found.
As diſcreete Pylots doe for ſtormes prepare,
So in our ioy let vs prouide for care.

Examples

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Coriolanus, finding his offence
For warring gainſt his country, dyde with griefe.
Torquatus, baniſht from his fathers houſe,
For griefe thereof did raſhly ſlay him-ſelfe.
The Romane matrons for a vvhole yeares ſpace,
Sighed and ſorrovved for *Brutus* death.
Lepidus grieuing long his vviues abuſe,
Shortned his ovvne dayes vvith concent of griefe.
The Pythagorians alvvaies had this poeſie:
The heart ought not be eaten with ſad griefe.
Cicero thought, the minds chiefe enemies,
Were melancholly griefes, and penſiuenes.

Of Feare, &c.

Feare is defect of manly fortitude,
Continually by dread and doubt purſude.

A Hell-tormenting feare, no faith can moone.
Safetie (moſt ſafe) vvhen ſhe is fenc'd vvith feare.
Better firſt feare, than after ſtill to feare.
Danger deuiſeth ſhifts, vvit vvaits on feare.

Abhorr

Abhorre ſinne paſt, preuent what is to come,
Theſe two are things feare not the day of doome.
The bait in ſight, the hooke much leſſe is fear'd.
Who euer feares, is better neuer feare.
To loue for feare, is ſecretly to hate.
Feare is companion of a guiltie mind.
Paint feare and doubt ſtill taketh their delight
In perill, which exceed all perill might.
Fidelitie doth flye vvhere feare is hatcht.
Feares vrge deſpaires, ruth breeds a hopeleſſe rage.
By needleſſe feare, none euer vantage got.
The benefit of feare, is to be wiſe.
Who would not die, to kill all murdering griefes?
Or who would liue in neuer-dying feares?
Feare giueth vvings, and need doth courage teach.
Fond is the feare that finds no remedie.
The dread of dying, payes deaths ſeruile breath.
Who liues content, need feare no frouning fate.
To feare the foe, when feare oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Giues in our weakneſſe, ſtrengthning to the foe.
Feare finds out ſhifts, timiditie is ſubtill.
No greater hell than be a ſlaue to feare.
Birds feare no buſhes that vvere neuer lim'd.
The guilt being great, the feare doth more exceed.
Feare, and be ſlaine, no worſe can come to fight:
And fight and dye, is death deſtroying death.
Loue thriues not in the heart that ſhadovves feare.
Againſt loues fire, feares froſt can haue no povver.
The Lyons roaring, leſſer beaſts doe feare.
Doubt takes ſure footing oft in ſlipperie vvayes.
Huge rockes, high windes, ſtrong pyrats, ſhelue and ſand,
The merchant feares, ere rich at home he landes.
Delay breeds doubt, and doubt brings on diſmay.
A fearefull thing to tumble from a crovvne.

Giue

Giue no beginning to a doubtfull end.
It's fearefull ſleeping in a ſerpents bed.
Extreameſt feare can neither fight nor flye,
But coward-like, with trembling terrour die.
Our owne examples makes vs feare the more.
Feare that is wiſer than the truth, doth ill.
Greatneſſe that ſtandeth high, ſtands ſtill in feare.
Feare caſts too deepe, and euer is too wiſe.
Who feares a ſentence, or an old mans ſaw:
May by a painted cloth be kept in awe.
The doubtfull can no vſuall plots endure.
A moderate feare fore-caſts the worſt of ill.
It's vaine to feare the thing we cannot ſhun.
Better to feare thy choice, than rue thy chaunce.
He rightely may be tearm'd a valiant man,
Whome honeſt death doth not affright with feare.
Diſtracted terrour knowes not what is beſt.
No feare of death ſhould force vs to doe ill.
Dread of vnknowne things breeds a greater dread.
Feare not the things muſt come, bethinke faults paſt.
In vaine with terrour is he fortified,
That is not guarded with firme loue beſide.
The loue vnſeene, is neuer knowne to feare.
A ſeruile feare, doth make a drooping mind.
Leaſt we preſume, we muſt goe backe with feare.
Delay doth much torment a doubtfull mind.
It much offendeth to be old with feares,
When youth ſaith, thereof thou want'ſt many yeeres.
Hardly we credit what imports our ill.
Men feare not them whoſe feeble ſtrength they know.
Feare commonly doth breed and nouriſh hate.
Small eaſe hath he that feared is of all.
Cold doubt caulls with honour, ſcorneth fame,
And in the end, feare weighes downe faith with ſhame.

Diſſent

Diſſention euer-more breeds greater doubt.
We ſoone beleeue the caſe we would haue ſo.
A fearefull looke bewrayes a guiltie heart.
Death is farre ſweeter than the feare of death.
It's better much, to ſuffer that we feare,
Than ſtill by feare, to liue in martyrdome.
Continuall griefe, is feare beyond all feare.
Baſeneſſe aduanced, purchaſeth but feare.
Who walke in feare, ſuſpect the pathes they tread.
Death being aſſur'd to come, deſerues no feare.
Whiles timerous knowledge ſtands conſidering,
Audacious ignorance performes the deed.
He that knowes moſt, the more he hath to doubt.
Better miſtruſt too ſoone, than rue too late.
We deeme things doubtfull, breed no contentation.
Where men leaſt feare, there harme they ſooneſt find.
Wicked men commonly are void of feare,
And therefore daunger alwaies with them beare.
Loue neuer was without both feare and teares.
Feare lendeth wings for aged folke to flie.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS ſuddaine bleeding, argues ill enſuing,
So ſuddaine ceaſing is fell feares renewing.
As leaking veſſels cannot long endure,
So fearefull minds haue ſlender permanence.
As nettles haue no prickes, and yet doe ſting,
So feare haue little motion, yet oft kill.
As ſalt ta'ne moderately doth reliſh meat,
So diſcreet feares doe often benefite.
As in calamitie good friends auaile,

So ſound aduiſe aduantageth in feare.
As wrongs ſuſpitions are but mens diſgrace,
So needleſſe feares declare but want of wit.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Claudius being giuen to feare, his mother ſaid,
Nature begun, but had not finiſht him.
Midas grew deſperate by his fearefull dreames,
That to be rid of them, he ſlew him ſelfe.
Ariſtodemus fear'd with howling dogges,
Tooke ſuch conceit, that ſoone he ended life.
Nicias th' Athenian, through cowardly feare,
Loſt many famous oportunities.
Tully ſaith Much more euill is in feare,
Than in the thing that doth procure the feare.
Solon gaue inſtance to his country-men,
That ſhame did euermore attend on feare.

Of

Of Fortune, &c.

Fortune is nource of fooles, poyſon of hope,
Fewell of vaine deſires, deſerts deſtruction.

WHat fortune works, ſeemes not alwaies pretended.
Fortune not alwaies doth poure forth her bagges.
Fortune in tariance, to her ſelfe is ſtrange.
Fortune her gifts in vaine to ſuch doth giue,
Who when they liue, ſeeme as they did not liue.
The end is it that maketh fortune good.
The ſea of fortune doth not alwaies flow.
Hap commeth well although it come but late.
When Fortune all her vtmoſt ſpight hath ſhewen,
Some bliſſe-full houres may me're thence appeare.
Fortune's not alwaies good, nor alwaies ill.
Fortune doth ſome-times laugh as well as lower.
Misfortune followes him that tempteth fortune.
How can miſchaunce vnto that ſhip betide,
Where fortune is the pylot and the guide?
Fortune oft hurts, when moſt ſhe ſeemes to helpe.
Wiſdome predominates both fate and fortune.
Oft where beſt chaunce begins, ill chaunce doth end.
Miſfortune is attended by reproch:
Good fortune, fame & vertue ſtellifies.

Th'euent oft-times makes foule faults fortunate.
What follie hurts not, fortune can repaire.
Like clouds continually doth fortune chaunge.
Where Fortune doth her bountie franke beſtowe:
There heauen and earth muſt paywhat ſhe doth owe.
Miſhaps are maſtred by diſcreet aduiſe.
The helpe-leſſe hap, it booteth none to grieue.
Misfortune waits aduantage to entrap.
Misfortunes power can neuer foyle thy right,
Doe thou but beare a mind in her deſpight.
Misfortune followes many ouer-faſt.
Where firſt miſhap began, there will ſhe end.
A chaunce may win, what by miſchance was loſt.
Where great miſhas our errours doth aſſault,
There doe they eaſieſt make vs ſee our fault.
Nimble miſchaunce, is verie ſwift of foot.
Silent miſhap diſcloſeth mourning griefe.
Our friends misfortune doth encreaſe our owne.
A miſchiefe ſeene, may eaſily be preuented,
But being hapt not helpt, though ſtill lamented.
In ſome things all, in nothing all are croſt.
On miſchiefes maine, miſhap full faile doth beare.
The greateſt loſſes ſeldome are reſtor'd.
Nothing ſo much a mans miſhap torments,
As who to him his good ſtate repreſents.
Harmes vnexpected, ſtill doe hurt vs moſt.
Vnlookt for things doe happen ſoon'ſt of all.
Power hath no priuiledge againſt miſhap.
Complaine not thy misfortune to thy foe,
For he will triumph when he ſees thy teares.
The higheſt ſtate awarrants not miſhaps.
Vnfortunate are ſome men that be wiſe.
Happy he liues that taſteth no miſchaunce.
Oft times we ſee amidſt the greateſt cares,

Some il ſucceſſe doth ſlip in vnawares.
No wit nor wealth preuailes againſt miſchaunce.
If ill approch vs, onely that is ours.
Of greateſt ill, a greater good may ſpring.
The man that ſtill amidſt misfortunes ſtands,
Is ſorrowes ſlaue, and bound in laſting bands.
Neuer ſtayes tickle fortune in one ſtate.
The baſeſt meanes, oft higheſt fortune brings.
Well may he ſwimme, held vp by fortunes hand.
The world is rightly tearmed full of rubs,
When all our fortunes runne againſt the byas.
Fortune hurts not where ſhe is held deſpis'd.
The fleece of fortune ſtriues, to haue the fell,
Who keepes his fortunes wiſely, needs no more.
They fall, which truſt to fortunes fickle wheele:
But ſtayed by Vertue, men ſhall neuer reele.
Time goes by turnes, and chances change by courſe.
A tragicke note beſt fits a tragicke chaunce.
By fortunes ſmiles enſues the greateſt falls.
He cannot iudge aright of fortunes power,
Nor taſte the ſweet that neuer tride the ſowr.
Fortune may raiſe againe a downe-caſt foe.
The cards once dealt, it boots not aske, why ſo?
Loue throwes them downe, whom fortune raiſed vp.
Riches are nothing elſe but fortunes gifts,
And bring with them their owne confuſion.
Mariners ſound at firſt for feare of rockes.
Fortune aſſaults, but hurts no conſtant mind.
Phyſical drugs helpe not ſiniſter chaunce.
It's ſeldome ſeene in any high eſtate:
Father and ſonne, like good, like fortunate.
Fortunes fierce frownes, are oft times princes haps.
Fortunes being equall, are loues fauorites.
Where Fortune fauours much, ſhe flatters more.

Nothing is ours that we by hap may loose:
What neerest seemes, is furthest off in woes.
Birth many times by fortune is abas'd.
Fortune in sleepers nets poures all her pride.
To painfull persons fortune is in rate.
When Fortune doth most sweetly seeme to smile,
Then soone she frownes, she laughes but little while.
Few reape the sweete, that taste not of the sower.
Whome fortune scornes, the common people hate.
Trust not to Fortune when she seemes to smile,
For then she doth intend the greatest guile.
Fortune is tear'md a bog or dauncing mire.
Fortune, though fickle, sometime is a friend.
Fortune helps hardie men, but scorneth cowards.
Long-pressed cares renew again their course,
When fatall chaunce doth chaunge from bad to worse.
Fortune can take our goods, but not our vertues.
Fortune is first and last, that ruine states.
Fortune oft brings vs to misfortunes gate.
Deseit awaits, while fortune makes prouision,
For fooles and dolts and men of base condition.
While worthiest fall, fortune doth worth-lesse raise.
Fortune best shewes her-selfe in women kind.
Fortune doth glorie in her chaunging mood.
While grasse doth grow, the labouring Steed may starue,
For fortune seld each wishers turne doth serue.
On vertuous actions fortune hath no power.
Fortune can neuer hurt a steadfast mind.
Who farthest seemes, is to misfortune nighest.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

EVen as the racket takes the balls rebound,
So doth good fortune catch ill fortunes proofe.
As winds blow ſome men good, and other harme,
So fortune friending ſome, on orhers frownes.
As Archers alwayes cannot hit the white,
So no man may of fortune alwaies boaſt.
As glaſſes ſhew the figure of the face,
So doe our fortunes beſt diſcloſe our minds.
As Hedge-hogs doe fore-ſee enſuing ſtormes,
So wiſe men are for fortune ſtill prepar'd.
As haile hurts not the houſe, though makes a noiſe,
So haps may daunt, but not diſmay the mind.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

SCylla for multitude of high good haps,
Would often ſay: That he was Fortunes child.
Cæſar ſaid to the Pilot in a ſtorme,
Feare not, thou carieſt Cæſar and his fortune.
Auguſtus wiſhed *Scipios* valiancie,
And *Pompeys* loue, but Fortune like him-ſelfe.
Paulus Aemilius greatly feared Fortune,
Chiefly in thoſe things which he held diuine.
To him whoſe hope on fortune doth depend,
Nothing can be aſſured, *Tully* ſaith.
Pindarus ſaid, the Romanes did rely
Only on Fortune, as their patroneſſe.

Of Fate, &c.

Deſtinie, or the firme decree of Fate,
Is ſure to happen, be it ſoone or late.

NO priuiledge can from the fates protect.
The fates farre off fore-ſeene, come gently neere.
Men are but men in ignorance of fate,
To alter chaunce exceedeth humane ſtate.
Mens haps by heauen are fram'd preposterous.
That yeelds to fate, which will not ſtoope to force.
We often find the courſe of fat all things,
Is beſt diſcern'd in ſtates of realmes and kings.
No one can turne the ſtreame of deſtinie.
No man can ſhun what deſtinie ordaines.
It lyes not in our power t'loue or hate,
For will in Gs is ouer-rul'd by fate.
There's none by warning can auoid his fate.
Our haps doe chaunge, as chaunces on the dyce.
In Gaine we prize that at ſo high a rate,
Whoſe beſt aſſurance but depends on fate.
What fate impoſeth, we perforce muſt beare.
Alls men eſtates alike vnſteadfaſt are.
Things which preſage both good and bad there be,
Which fate fore-ſhewes, but will not let Gs ſee.

Our

Our frailties doome is written in the flowers.
Fate cannot be preuented, though fore-knowne.
Walles may a while hold out an enemie,
But neuer caſtle kept out deſtinie.
Errours are neuer errours but by fate.
No prouidence preuenteth deſtinie.
Thoſe fates that one while plague poore men with croſſes,
Another time prouide to men their loſſes.
The faireſt things are ſubiect ſtill to fate.
No man is ſure what finall fruits to reape.
Men attribute their follies vnto fate,
And lay on heauen the guilt of their owne crimes.
What happens me this day, may you the next.
He thriueth beſt that hath a bleſſed fate.
Fatall is that aſcent vnto a crowne,
From whence men come not, but are hurled downe.
What fate intends, follie cannot fore-ſtall.
Whome fate caſts downe, hardly againe recouers.
The breach once made vpon a battered ſtate,
Downe goes diſtreſſe, no ſhelter ſhrouds their fate.
Force cannot winne, what fate doth contradict.
Men are but men, and may not know their lot.
When men doe wiſh for death, fates haue no force,
But they (when men would liue) haue no remorſe.
It fatall is to be ſeduc'd with ſhewes.
To alter courſe, may bring men more aſtray.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

Like as the day cannot preuent the night,
So vaine it is againſt the fates to fight.
As with the worſt, fate ſpareth not the beſt,
So faults are eaſier lookt in, than redreſt.

Our

Euen

Euen as the ſtarres and ſands haue wondrous date,
So are our liues ſubiect to nought but fate.
As cities are o're-come by batterie,
So all on earth muſt yeeld to deſtinie.
As lookes of loue oft ſhadow inward hate,
So times faire hope is ſhortned ſoone by fate.
As flowers in morning freſh, oft fade ere night,
So fate cuts off what goodlieſt ſeemes in ſight.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

AS *Bibulus* in triumph rode through Rome,
His fate was with a tyle-ſtone to be ſlaine.
Aurelius ſilter, *Lucia*, by her needle
But prickt her braſt, and dide immediatly.
Cneius Ruffetius, combing of his head,
One of the teeth bereft him of his life.
Methridates, ſuppos'd mens deſtinies
Conſiſted in the power of hearbs and ſtones.
Chilo of Lacedæmon did maintaine,
That men might comprehend what was to come.
Plato affirmed, That a good mans fate
Neuer to euill could be deſtinate.

Of

Of the Minde.

The Mind is that bright eye, which guides the
And gouernes men in all their actions. (*Soule*

THe mind is free, what euer man afflicts.
Libertie is the minds best liuing fame.
Hope of long life, is balefull to the mind.
O're-many thoughts, maze-like the mind encloſe
Confuſedly, still order them diſpoſe.
Patience doth giue a troubled heart delight.
Patience is the true touch-ſtone of the mind.
The griefes of troubled minds, exceed beliefe.
When roomes of charge are giuen to minds of praiſe
Then maieſtie doth ſhewe her brighteſt rayes.
The gentle mind, by gentle deeds is knowne.
The nobleſt mind, the beſt contentment hath.
No deuiliſh thoughts diſmay a conſtant mind.
Fame, cheriſher of honour breathing hearts,
Is Valours friend, and nource of ſacred Artes.
By outward lookes, the mind is oft diſcern'd.
The mind diſcernes, where eyes could neuer ſee.
A yeelding mind doth argue cowardiſe.
The action and affection of the heart,
Two wayes whereby a chriſtian playes his part.

Of

The

The vertuous mind beares patiently all wrongs.
Ill may a ſad mind forge a merrie face.
The higheſt lookes haue not the higheſt minds.
The careleſſe man with vnaduiſed mind,
Doth blindly follow euery puffe of wind,
Free is the heart, the temple of the mind.
Mens bodies may be ours, their minds their owne.
The mind of man doth many times behold,
That which fraile ſight can neuer reach vnto.
Great hearts will breake before they yeeld to bend
A priuat mind may yeeld, yet cares not how.
Mans mind a mirrour is of heauenly ſights:
A briefe wherein all maruailes ſummed lye.
No man can ſlay the mind reſolu'd to die.
Our ſeeming each man ſees: God knowes the heart.
The mind a creature is, yet can create,
And adde to natures patternes higher skill.
None hath enough for euery greedie mind.
Mens minds oft times are tainted by their eares.
Bad mind, ſo much to mind anothers ill,
As to become vnmindfull of his owne.
Men haue rude marble, women ſoft waxe minds.
Theeues, cares, and troubled minds, are long awake.
There's none can tell the eaſe the mind doth game,
When eyes can weepe, heart groane, or griefe complaine.
The mind corrupted, takes the worſer part.
A gentle mind will alwaies iudge the beſt.
Oh what a balme is made to cheare the heart,
If pearle and gold and ſpices beare a part!
Where minds are knit, what helps, if not enioyed?
What the tongue dares not, oft the mind doth ſay.
The gentle mind doth plainly repreſent,
The glorious ſplendour of the firmament.
The mind ſtoopes to no dread, though fleſh be fraile.

Little perſwaſion mooues a wicked mind.
It's pittie gold ſhould ſunder vertuous minds.
He doth but pine among his delicates,
Whoſe troubled mind is ſtuft with diſcontent.
The heart oft ſuffers for the eyes offence.
Much promiſeth the mind, if fate as much.
Great is the will, but greater farre the mind.
In caſe of iarre, when as one man eſpyes
Anothers mind like his, then ill breeds worſe.
Hire of a hireling mind, is earned ſhame.
The guiltie mind hath neuer quiet life.
The bodies reſt, is quiet of the mind.
Agrieued mind ſeldome weigh the intent,
But alwaies iudge according to th'intent.
The mind well bent, is ſafe from any harme.
Cares cruell ſcourge doth greatly whip the mind.
No plague is greater than the griefe of mind.
The feeble mind through weakneſſe coines new feares
When ſtronger hearts their griefes more wiſely beares.
Ignorance is the deadly night of mind.
Mens faces gliſter when their minds are blacke.
The face is held the Herald of the mind.
Where as the mind is willing and addict.
Examples are more forcible and ſtrict.
The greateſt minds doe aime at greateſt things.
Pithie demaunds are whetſtones to the mind.
The faireſt face may haue the fouleſt mind.
All impious minds, though their fore-caſts be great
They cannot hide them from the greateſt great.
The minds old habit hardly will be chaung'd.
Pure is the mind that neuer meant amiſſe.
Where mind conſents not, faults deſerue excuſe.
When many tunes doe ſweetly ſymphonize,
It conquers hearts, and kindly them compounds.

Dombe

Dombe plaints in feeling minds, make greateſt noiſe.
The mind by wrong is made a male-content.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS Scales by poiſe are mounted vp and downe,
So too and fro conceits doe vrge the mind.
As tender trees bend euery way we pleaſe,
So gentle minds are eaſily ouer-rul'd.
As heauines fore-tels ſome harme at hand,
So minds diſturb'd preſage enſuing ills.
As ſickly bodies brooke not heat nor cold,
So crazed minds diſlike of euery thing.
As working veſſels are by vent kept ſound,
So troubled minds by conference find eaſe.
As fennie grounds ſend forth vnſauorie ſents,
So bad minds blunder our diſtempered thoughts.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Scevola in the greatneſſe of his mind,
Entred *Porſennaes* Tent to murder him.
Queene *Tomyris* to ſhew her dauntleſſe mind,
With *Cyrus* blood, reueng'd her deare ſonnes death.
Zenobia told *Aurelian* in the field,
He was not able to ſubdue her mind.
Lucius Dentatus, neuer matcht for mind,
Came eighteene times a conqueror from field.
Cicero ſaith, the goodneſſe of the mind,
Is moſt diſcern'd in pardoning iniuries.
Socrates ſaid, His quietnes in mind
Was cauſe he neuer ſickned till his death.

Of

Of Affection, &c.

Affection, and ſweet fancies ſecret fire,
Kindle the coales, that quicken vp deſire.

WHere we affect, we ſeldome find defect.
Of things vnknowne, we can haue no deſire.
Men oft affect them, that doe loue them leaſt:
And leaſt doe loue them whome they ſhould like beſt.
That one deſires, another doth diſdaine.
Affection by the countenance is deſcried.
Full eaſily the fault may be redreſt,
Where kind affection onely hath tranſgreſt.
Kindly affection, youth to liue with youth.
Trueſt affection doth no bounds retaine.
Affection is a fierce, yet holy fire:
Free of him-ſelfe, and chain'd to ſtrong deſire.
Deſire, with ſmall encouraging growes bold.
It's eaſie to deſire, but hard to chuſe.
Affections ſpeech, that eaſily can diſſolue,
Doth moiſten Flint, yet Steele in ſtiffe attire.
The ſea hath bounds, but deep deſire hath none.
In darkeſt nights, deſire ſees beſt of all.
Sweet are the kiſſes, the embracements ſweet,
When like deſires, with like affection meet.

Affections

Affections ſlaue regards no oathes nor lawes.
Luke-warme deſires beſt fit with crazed loue.
Affection is a coale that muſt be coold:
Elſe ſuffered, it will ſet the heart on fire.
Entire affection hateth nice coy hands.
Affection will like fire, himſelfe betray.
Affection faints not like a pale fac'd coward,
But then woes beſt, when moſt his choiſe is froward.
The coales are quicke, where fancie blowes the fire.
Deſire can make a Doctor in a day.
Where loue doth reigne, diſturbing iealouſie
Doth call him-ſelfe, affections Sentinell.
Fauour and grace, are tearmed fancies fuell.
An equall age doth equall like deſires.
Bad mens affections, turne to feare and hatt:
And hate, to daunger and deſerued death.
That's hardly kept, which is deſir'd of many.
The moſt maid-ſeeming, is not without affection.
That needs muſt iſſue to the full perfection,
Hath grounded-being by the minds affection.
There's nothing can affections force controll.
Drunken deſire doth vomit his receit.
Affections gawdie banner once diſplayed,
The coward fights, and will not be diſmayed.
Things much reſtrain'd, make vs the more deſire them.
In meaneſt ſhewe, the moſt affection dwels.
Small drops doe oft-times quench a mightie fire,
But hugeſt Seas not qualifie deſire.
All qualifide affections loue doth hate.
Beautie ſtrikes fancie blind, vaine ſhewes deceiue.
Sad perturbations that affections guide,
Should not giue iudgement, till their cauſe be tride.
Deſire is life of loue, and death of feare.
Death is the finall end of all deſires.

Nothi

Nothing can quench an infinite deſire,
Once kindled through the firſt conceiued fire.
Sad ſighes doe ſhew the heat of hearts deſire.
Deſire controld, doth aggrauate deſire.
Deſire being fierce, is ſpring of ſighes and teares.
Men once degenerate and growne depreſt,
Are pleaſd to ſhare affections with a beaſt.
Deſire doth ſpring from that we wiſh and want.
Fancie is blind, deafe, and incredulous.
Fancie is watchfull, and doth ſeldome ſleepe.
Fancie compeld, to Lute-ſtrings is compar'd,
Which ouer-ſtretcht, doe cracke before they ſound.
Lawfull deſires, are honeſties beſt notes.
Affection's reſt-leſſe, yet (being perfect) end-leſſe.
Delay is preiudiciall to deſire.
The greater part leane to example ſo,
That what they fancie, they will ſcant forgot.
Fancies beſt cure, is mutuall affection.
Fancie ſoone fires, but long before it quench.
When loue leads lookes, no compaſſe keepes deſire.
A hot deſire, on preſent heat doth dote:
When cold repentance will it not fore-note.
Low fortunes often-times haue high deſires.
Like fortunes globe, euen ſo is fancies ſeat.
Appetites flame, with wiſdome beſt is quencht.
There neuer did all circumſtances meet,
With thoſe deſires which were conceiu'd before.
Affection brooketh no diuiſion.
Sleepe hath no priuiledge ouer deſire.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS poyſon ſweetly mixt is ſooner ta'ne,
So fancie cloſe conceal'd, is ſooneſt fier'd.
As Chryſolites are prooued in the fire,
So is affection in enforc'd reſtraint.
As cities wanting Magiſtrates, decay,
Euen ſo deſire vngouern'd, hurts it ſelfe.
As all the world were darke but for the Sunne,
So life, but for affection, were vnſure.
As ſteele brings fier from the hardeſt flint,
So fancie mollifies the ſtearneſt mind.
As Almond trees in age doe beare moſt fruit,
So yeares doth beſt approoue affections.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

ZAleucus to the Locrians made a law,
To looſe their eyes that ſinn'd in foule deſires.
Appius was baniſhed the cittie Rome,
For leud affection to *Virginia*.
Marke Anthonie diſgrac'd his former fame,
By not reſtraining his affections.
King *Alexander* hated to the death
In men or women looſe and leud deſires.
Fancie (ſaith *Ariſtotle*) often makes
A frenzie in their ſoules are led thereby.
Deſire (ſaith *Socrates*) no limits holds,
And therefore hardly can be maſtered.

Of Diſdaine, &c.

Contempt and Scorne, are Wits infirmitie,
Wherwith Diſdaine and Scoffes keepe company.

FLint, froſt, diſdaine; weares, melts, and yeelds we ſee.
Things long in getting, quickly are diſdain'd.
Preſent diſdaine oft after-loue diuines.
Prayers preuaile not, where is coy diſdaine.
Better to die a thouſand deaths and more,
Than liue contemn'd, that honour'd was before.
Diſdaine deliuers a depraued mind.
Griefe often-times giues place to nice diſdaine.
Too much preciſeneſſe ſauours of ſelfe loue.
Gibing demaunds deſerue ſcornefull replyes.
Neither can wit or Art take any place,
Where aduerſe ſcorne, with feare, ſtrikes boldneſſe dead.
Preſumption giues no guerdon, but diſdaine.
Deſpiſed men on earth, muſt liue in heauen.
There muſt be ſome contempt, ere plagues enſue.
Diſdaine attends where greateſt honour haunts.
In high diſdaine, loue is a baſe deſire:
And Cupids flames doe ſeeme but watrie fire.

Diſdaine repines at all good things it ſees.
They others vertues ſcorne, that doubt their owne.
Mocke none in need, beware thine owne miſhap.
Scoffes without feare from follie doe proceed.
The choice is hard, where ſilence kills with griefe,
Or ſpeech reapes no reward, but baſe contempt.
To mocke a friend, is held no manly part.
Scorne can haue no reward, but like contempt.
Teaſting is tollerable, but ſcorne moſt vile.
Diſdaine declares a proud preſuming heart.
Loues paſſions quenched by vnkind diſdaine,
Doth often times encreaſe the more deſire.
Scorning is artificiall iniurie.
Who ſcorneth moſt, ſhall be but paid with ſcoffes.
Scorne not thy wife, leaſt ſcorn'd, ſhe do thee ſcathe.
Better an open foe, than ſcornfull friend.
Better be borne a foole, than wrong thy wit.
No mocker, but at length did meet his match.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

A Shotteſt loue hath ſooneſt cold diſdaine,
So greateſt pleaſures haue the greateſt paine.
As good and ill each other doe purſue,
So hate-full eſtimation ſcorne ſucceeds.
As Adders keepe their venime in their tayles,
So ſcoffers poyſon lurketh in their tongues.
As faireſt beautie may deſerue ſome blame,
So wittieſt ſcoffes prooue but ridiculous.
As ſome things ſweet in taſte, are ſowre going downe,
So ſcoffes that like the eare, diſlike the mind.
As faire demeanour moſt commends a man,
So ſcornes and ſcoffes as much diſhonour him.

Example

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Caligula did couet his owne eaſe,
And yet diſdain'd others ſhould doe the like.
Anthonie cauſde the head of *Cicero*
In ſcorne, be ſet before him at his meat.
Plato, *Xenophon*, and *Demoſthenes*,
Againſt each other were contemptuous.
Geta and *Antonius*, being brethren,
Slew one the other through their priuate ſcorne.
Among all perturbations, *Tullie* ſaith,
Diſdaine is moſt iniurious to it ſelfe.
And *Fabius Maximus* holds like conceit,
Affirming, nothing worſer than contempt.

Of Slaunder. &c.

Slaunder and baſe Detraction, is the fruit
Of deuiliſh hearts, and foule polluted ſoules.

WHo liues, that ſtandeth out of ſlaunders reach?
Detractions tongue, delights in ill reports.
What likes not malice, ſtraight diſprais'd muſt b
Slaunder is blind, and cannot vertue ſee.

In ſlaundring ſpeech, enuie takes pleaſure moſt.
With ſpightfull tongue detract no honeſt mind.
Doe what we will, we cannot ſcape the ſting
Of ſlaundrous tongues, that ſtill afreſh doe ſpring.
Take not away that thou canſt not reſtore:
Encreaſe not griefe, but rather ſalue the ſore.
Detracting ſpeech, of heauen doth not ſmell,
But rather ſtinkes, like the pit of hell.
Leudneſſe is ſtill defam'd, and euer was.
Bold ſlaunders tongue, time neuer can ſuppreſſe.
Good words of all men gaineth laud and praiſe,
Where ſlaunders are but counted caſt-awaies.
No ſecret's hid, where ſlaunder keepes the dore.
Detraction will not ſpare *Dianaes* name.
Detracting talke, Gods picture out doth race,
And ſetteth vp the Deuils in the place.
A free conſent is priuiledg'd from blame.
Slaunder can neuer iuſt deſerts deface.
The Bee hath honey, ſo he hath a ſting:
The one doth wound, more than the other heales.
Againſt bad tongues, goodnes cannot defend her.
A ſprightly wit diſdaines detraction.
Men hardly ſtop the infamie and noiſe,
Of ſlaunders publiſhed by common voice.
An vniuſt ſlaunder hath no recompence.
Foule mouth'd detraction is his neighbours foe.
Blame is eſteem'd more blame-leſſe generall,
Than that which priuat errours doth purſue.
Slanders call things in queſtion, not approues them.
A tale vnaptly told, may be deprau'd.
An open ſlaunder, often times hath brought
That to effect, which neuer elſe was thought.
Flatterie, lyes, and ſlaunder, are ſworne friends.
Slaunder will wrong his friend behind his backe.

Slaunder

Slaunder like enuies dogge, detects the dead.
Slaunders like arrowes gainſt a wall rebound,
And ſcor'ſt of all the ſlaunderer doth wound.
Slaunder being odious, ſo would others make
Slaunder may barke at truth, but cannot bite.
All itching eares doe ſwallow many wrongs.
Who by his ſlaundring tongue hu neighbour harmes,
Doth wound his owne ſoule by his wicked words.
Large ſlaunders are apparant ſignes of enuie.
Slaunder offends the liuing, gnawes the dead.
Patience is prooued by detraction.
No bane to friendſhip, worſe than ſlaunder is.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS Rats and Myce doe feed vpon our meat,
So ſlaunderers feed on fleſh of other men.
As diuers meats doe hurt digeſtion,
So changeable reports begetteth ſlaunder.
As Princes armes reach very farre in length,
So ſlaunder ſtretcheth vnto following times.
As deepe inciſions are for feſtred ſores,
So mightie meanes muſt cure vp ſlaunders wounds.
As vultures prey vpon dead carion,
So ſlaunderers feed vpon mens liuing names.
As Somners liue by peoples daily ſinnes,
So ſlaunders liue by killing mens good fame.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

NAr*ſetes* that renowmed Generall,
By ſlaunders was diſmiſſed from his charge.
When *Scipio* was by ſlaunder highly wrong'd,

His diſcreet anſwere ſoone acquited him.
Calisthenes, *Parmenio* and *Philotas*,
By ſlaundrous accuſations loſt their liues.
Auguſtus pardon'd one that would haue ſlaine him,
But baniſht him that falſely ſlaundred him.
Diogenes affirmed, the ſlaunderer
Was worſe than any wild or furious beaſt.
Seneca ſaith, Of theeues men may beware,
But hardly ſhall they ſcape the ſlaunderer.

Of the Tongue, &c.

The tongue is tell-tale of the priuat thoughts.
And words oft times doe ouer-reach the wiſe.

VVOrds are but wind, they bid but doe not buy.
The greateſt words, oft times haue weakeſt deeds.
Deepe ſound make leſſer noiſe than ſhallow foords,
And ſorrow ebbes, being blowne with wind of words.
Imperious tongues doe ſcorne to vſe intreats.
The vulgar tongue pronouncth vnpartiall ſtill.
Few words doe euer fit a treſpaſſe beſt,
Where no excuſe can giue the fault amends
A ſoft ſlow tongue, true marke of modeſtie.
The leaſt diſcourſe is commonly moſt ſtout,
Preſumption's euer fulleſt of aceits,

And many times proud words haue poore effects.
Words are but ſhadowes of a further ſmart,
Things being twiſe told, the vulgar not allow.
The further men doe ſpeake of things well done,
They haue more mouthes, but not more merit wonne.
Not words, but deeds are ſtill reſpected moſt.
No charming words by dead tongues vttered are.
Of others faults what need we babble ſo,
When we our ſelues haue Gieus many moe?
Few words will ſerue a righteous cauſe to plead.
Great power haue pleaſing words, and mickle might.
Faire pleaſing words are like to Magicque art,
That doth the charmed ſnaile in ſlumber lay.
With words and gifts, it's eaſie to attempt.
Speech doth preuaile, where weapons cannot win.
He that no more muſt ſpeake, is luſted more,
Than they whome youth and eaſe hath taught to gloſe.
By good perſwaſion, what cannot be done?
Curſes are but vaine breathings in the aire.
Curſes reſemble arrowes ſhot vpright,
Which falling downe, light on the ſhooters head.
The tongues of dying men enforce attention,
The hearts abundance iſſues from the tongue.
Still eaſie yeelding zeale is quickly caught,
With what the mouth of grauitie hath taught.
Foule paiment for faire words is more than needs.
The tongue miſ-vſe, oft breeds the bodies ſmart.
Sorrow makes ſilence her beſt Oratour,
Where words may make it leſſe, not ſheme it more.
In poore mens words, the rich haue ſmall delight.
Report can make a ſubſtance of a ſhade.
Folke doth guide the tongue that Gamely ſpeakes,
And Gaine is that which modeſt meaſure breakes.
In many words muſt needs be much amiſſe.

Mens

Mens thoughts and words nothing ſo oppoſite.
Few words among the wiſe haue greater grace,
Than long Orations with vnskilfulneſſe.
Words are the ſhadowes of our daily workes.
Superfluous ſpeech doth much diſgrace a man.
Griefe ſometimes doth diſtreſſed minds ſo wreake,
That heart neere burſteth ere the tonoue can ſpeake.
The tongue gads many times before the wit.
Much babling doth bewray great impudence.
Words are but ſtuffleſſe that infect the eare,
Without ſome ſweet impreſſion of the mind.
Wine often-times is cauſe of many words.
The fewer words, the more diſcretion.
That man may worthily be ſaid to dote,
That truſts faire words, and ſelles his goods for ſmoke.
When ſwords haue pleaded, words doe come too late.
The leſſe men ſpeake the more they meditate.
Bargaines made by conſtraint, may well be broken:
And words by force compeld, as well vnſpoken.
By the hearts thoughts, the tongue is carried.
Few words well coucht, doth moſt content the wiſe.
Reports in Courts are held both night and day,
As common gueſts, and ſeldome part away.
Seld ſpeaketh loue, but ſighes his ſecret paines.
Of whome the tongue talkes much, the heart thinkes more.
Better by ſpeaking little make a ſcarre,
Than by much babling cauſe a wide deepe wound.
Report hath oft a blister on her tongue.
The ſweeteſt words may come from ſowreſt hearts.
The words that ſound the ſweeteſt in the eare,
Are not the wholeſom'ſt alwaies to the heart.
In many words is couched moſt miſtruſt.
Who fights with words, doth ſooneſt wound himſelfe.
Many repent the words that they haue ſpoke,

But

But neuer any, that they held their peace.
he coldeſt words, oft cooles the hotteſt throat.
Vorkes, and not words, doe moſt commend a man.
Spead ſtripes on him, whom words may not reſtraine:
Yet ſpend to mend by ſtrokes, but not to maime.
om feweſt vvords may great effects enſue.
ence hath ſildome yet made any ſad.
Whereas deſire doth vrge the tongue to ſpeake,
Some what muſt out, or elſe the heart will breake.
he tongue is call'd, the gate of life and death.
ho ſpeakes vvith heed, may boldly ſpeake his mind.
The man whoſe tongue before his wit doth run,
Oft ſpeakes too ſoone, and rues when he hath done.
word once paſt, can be recald no more.
tter be ſilent, than in vaine to ſpeake.
good be dombe, as ſpeake and not be heard.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS one ſparke may procure a mightie fire,
So one ill tongue may cauſe great enmitie.
As riuers are bound in vvith bankes for ouer-flow
reaſon ſhould reſtraine too lauiſh talking.
gold boiles beſt vvhen it doth bubble leaſt,
mild deliuerance ſvveetens beſt our vvords.
ſilence is a gift deuoid of feare,
talking is a thing to vrge ſuſpect.
he beares miſerie beſt that hides it moſt,
he declares leaſt vvit that prateth moſt.
vve muſt giue account for idle ſilence,
much more muſt vve for our fruitleſſe talke.

Exam-

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Pompey let burne his finger in the fire,
Rather then he would be too free of tongue.
Vlyſſes in his youth refraind from ſpeech,
Becauſe in yeares he would direct his tonge.
Great *Alexander* gaue *Cheryllus* coine
To hold his peace, and to forbeare to write.
Antigonus this leſſon taught his ſonne,
Firſt to learne ſilence, then to practiſe ſpeech.
Zeno reprooued one that prated much,
And ſaid, his eares were founded on his tongue.
The tongue (ſaith *Ariſtotle*) blabs the mind,
And fooles or wiſe men ſoone thereby we find.

Of Flatterie, &c.

Flaterie, is friendſhips vtter ouerthrow,
The wracke of States, and honeſt natures ſo

THe greeneſt hearb, oft hides the fouleſt toad.
The ſtilleſt water hath the deepeſt channell.
It's better to be blamed by a friend,
Than to be kiſſed of a flatterer.

thing gets friends, but truth doth purchaſe hate.
eming friend is a deceitfull bogge.
Flatterie ſurmiſes not at the dead mans dore,
Iue men haue eares, when tombes are deafe & poore.
ilſe diſſembling, foulie muſt befall.
e beſt diſſembler, hath the braueſt wit.
It is eſteem'd no certaine way to thriue,
To praiſe the dead, but flattering men aliue.
ſſembled holineſſe is double crime.
re feigned tales conuey foule things from ſight.
Diſſembling ſometimes may attaine to ſaue
Mens liues, their fame, their goods, and all they haue,
uſe friends, trie them, flatterers ſpeake faire.
n ſtrew ſweet flowers to hide the deepeſt ſnares.
Mens pleas in loue, like painters penſils are,
Which figures ſhadowes, and the ſubſtance leaue.
re outward ſhewes prooue inwardly the worſt.
ue looketh faire, when hap is moſt accurſt.
The badge of hipocrites is noted ſtill,
By alwaies ſpeaking well yet doing ill.
tterie doth verie ſeldome want rewards.
flatter wiſe men, ſhewes diſcretions want.
When greateſt braues are brought to trials prooſe,
The boaſters are content to ſtand aloofe.
tterers reſpect their owne good, no mans elſe.
ter a wretch, than a diſſembler.
Falſe flatterers are worſe than greedie crowes;
The one deuoures aliue, the other dead.
ine and not honeſt, is too harſh a ſtyle.
en ſtill doe fouleſt, when they faireſt ſpeake.
Fond Phyſiognomies complexion,
Guides not the inward diſpoſition.
tter offend with truth, than flattering praiſe.
tterers are nought elſe but trencher flyes.

True

True loue's a Saint, ſo ſhall ye true loue know,
Falſe loue's a Scithian, yet a Saint in ſhow.
Flatterie is the nource of wickedneſſe.
Diſſembling weares a cloake, truth naked goes.
The ſmoothe ſt lookes, doe ſoon'ſt of all begyule,
And oft are clokes to cogitations vile.
Womens diſſembling hardly can be matcht.
A foe is better than a diſſembling friend.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

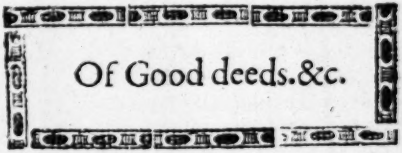
AS vultures ſleepes not where they find no prey,
So flatterers haunt not but where profit growes.
As vermine breed in places of moſt warmth,
So flatterers cling where beſt they find reliefe.
As Pilgrims creepe not but where is ſome croſſe,
So ſlye diſſemblers crouch not but for gaine.
As mothes the fineſt garments doe conſume,
So flatterers feed vpon the frankeſt hearts.
As Panthers haue ſweet ſents, but rauenous minds,
So flatterers haue ſmooth lookes, but killing hearts.
As ſtraighteſt trees haue ſtill the crookedſt roots,
So all diſſemblers haue the craftieſt trickes.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

THe Emperour *Sigiſmond* ſtrooke a flatterer,
And ſaid: He bit worſe than a Scorpion.
Auguſtus ſo deteſted flatterie,
He could not bide his ſeruants kneele to him.
Tyberius ſeruants might not call him Lord,
Becauſe he ſaid, therein they flatter'd him.

Cliſp

Cliſiphus vvas call'd *Phillips* counterfeit,
Becauſe like him he faſhion'd all he did.
Phocion ſaid to king *Antipater*,
He could not be his friend and flatterer.
Wiſe men (ſaith *Stas*) make not all their friends,
But haue a ſpeciall eye to flatterers.



Good Deeds confound all bad, ſuppreſſe offence:
Correcting faults with loue and patience.

THat is a good deed vvhich preuents the bad.
Good vovves are neuer broken by good deeds.
He that ſets downe what guifts in goodnes lurke,
Shall breath him twiſe, before he end his worke.
In perſons full of note, good deeds are done.
Vovves are but ſeeds, and good deeds are the fruits.
Good turnes ought not be held a ſeruile bond,
To bind their doers to receiue their meed.
That which doth good, diſgraceth no degree.
Vve haue no good, that vve can ſay is ours.
Of paſſed good to make a new diſcourſe,
By double vſurie doth twiſe renew it.

Good

Good lampes will ſhine till all their oyle be gone.
Each goodly thing is hardeſt to begin.
Woen as the doing good, is onely thought
Worthy reward, who will be bad for nought?
Raiſe not the bad, to make the good complaine.
No good at all, with doing ill, is wonne.
Let vs not thinke, that that our good can frame,
Which ruin'd hath the Authours of the ſame.
They are to blame, which deeds well done will wreſt.
Good deeds, the cruel'ſt heart to kindneſſe brings.
Good done to any, doth impreſſion ſtrike
Of ioy and loue, in all that are alike.
Good deeds are ſamiſhment vnto the deuill.
The end is crowne of euery worke well done.
Good ſtill is beſt when it is ſoonceſt wrought,
For lingring-fauour euer comes to nought.
The way to good, is neuer learn'd too late.
Faults ſhould be meaſur'd by intent, not deed.
Nothing ſo good, but may through guiltie ſhame,
Be much corrupt, and wreſted to great blame.
Ignorant faults craue pardon ſtill by courſe.
Faults done, may be repented, not reclaim'd.
He that will purchaſe things of greateſt price,
Muſt conquer by his deeds and not by words.
Faults vncommitted, challenge no repent.
Many defects may leſſen ſlender faults.
Vnmuſt offences aaunger ſcape a time,
But yet at length reuenge doth pay them home.
Faults oft are meaſur'd by their ſecrecie.
An error paſt, is likewiſe paſt recalling.
There's nought ſo vile that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth giue.
Good is the end that cannot be amended.
Where good is found, we ſhould not quit with ill,

There's nought so good, but straind from that faire vse,
Reuolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse.
Gold and base mould, no difference but by vse.
Better to heare than doe what is not well.
For ones offence, why should a number fall,
Or priuat sinne be plagu'd in generall?
Seldome but some good commeth ere the end.
Nay without good, is good hearts greatest loathing.
Forraine defects giuing home faults the way,
Make many times bad actions well succeed.
Still the directest courses best succeed.
Vertue conducterh to all things are good.
First weigh the qualitie of each offence,
And thereunto apply the punishment.
What one thinkes good, another counts as vaine.
The higher iudger quickly can espie,
If faults or fraud doe vnder couert lye.
Wisdome directs to know the good from bad.
As oft as we doe good, we sacrifice.
The more our grace and goodnesse doth encrease,
The more our soules prepare themselues to God.
Truth is the guide to all good actions.
Neuer repent thee of thy wel-done deeds.
The goodnesse that proceeds from ignorance,
Is like the hearbs that on a dunghill growes.
Good men doth still delight in doing good.
Good deeds doe shewe the fruits of zealous faith.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS hardest stones are pierc'd with softest drops,
So vertuous deeds reforme the loosest minds,
As fond behauiour most displaies a foole,

So honeſt deeds declare an honeſt heart.
As falling ſtarres are ſooneſt extinguiſhed,
So ſlight offences craue quicke pardoning.
As ſullein lookes bewraies reuenge-full thoughts,
So mild aſpect declares a gentle heart.
As golden bridles better not a horſe,
So words without good deeds, ſhew not a man:
As bankets haue no grace, where wanteth gueſts,
So words are litle worth, where deeds come ſhort.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Traiane reproou'd for liſtning poore mens wrongs,
Said: None ſhould hinder him from doing good.
The Emperour *Aurelian* had great care,
Leaſt malice ſhould obſcure his well-done deeds.
Philip did thanke the woman for her checke,
And ſaid: Still chide me when I doe not well.
Auguſtus left his friend to iudgements triall,
For hindring law (quoth he) becomes no king.
Cleon being call'd to deale in ſtates affaires,
Fore-warn'd his friends be carefull of their deeds.
Reward the good (ſaith *Solon*) for their doing good,
And puniſh them delight in wicked deeds.

Of Euill deeds.&c.

Euill deeds & wicked, come from vicious minds:
And here, or ſom-where els, due vengeance finds.

EXtreameſt ills, ſome time a ioy poſſeſſe.
Ill hardly ſet on, is as hard got out.
Thoſe things which we deeme good, oft prooue but ill.
Counſell that comes when ill hath done his worſt,
Bleſſeth our ill, but makes our good accurſt.
To put backe ill our good we muſt forbeare.
Euill tidings ſtill doe faſter flye than good.
Our greateſt ills, we moſt of all miſtruſt.
A guiltie conſcience, vrged with the thought
Of former ill done deeds, not eaſily erres.
Euils vnto euils, ſtill conducters are
Ill comes too ſoone, repentance oft too late.
Ill newes hath wings, and with the wind doth flye,
In the firſt riſing, ſeeke to ſtifle ill,
Leaſt it get head, and grow againſt thy will.
That daye's ne're ill. that brings a pleaſing night.
Worſe than the worſt of euils, are wicked thoughts
No bluſh can paint the ſhame is due to ill.
The apprehenſion of what e're is good,
Giues but the greater feeling to the worſe.

All wicked deeds doe wrathfull doomes procure,
In euills, counſell is the comfort chiefe.
Many times good doth grow by euill proofe.
By euill courſes may be vnderſtood,
That their euents can neuer fall out good.
When ill is hapt teares but encreaſe the ill.
Ill by example often gaineth good.
It's double griefe to ſee a helpleſſe ill.
Great men that will haue leſſe doe for them ſtill,
Muſt beare them out, although their deeds be ill.
Good heart in ill, doth much the ill amend.
It's better to reforme, than cut off ill.
The worſer deed, the doer likes for beſt.
Neuer was man ſo euill, did or thought,
But would pretend ſome good cauſe, though ſtarke naught.
Good words doe often couer ill pretence.
One day doth wreake the ill that many wrought.
Miſchiefe oft falls vpon the meaners head.
An euill deed done by authoritie,
Is mightie ſinne and ſubornation.
The good compar'd with bad is ſooneſt ſeene.
Who will not ſtoope to good, muſt yeeld to ill.
Miſchiefe doth euer ouer-match the bad.
The wicked cannot ſleepe or take their reſt,
Till they be pleaſed with ſome ill done deed.
Miſchiefe is light and mounteth ouer head.
Old miſchiefs oft, doe ſet new ills abroach.
Ill preſident, the tydes that wafies to vice.
A minute ſpent in good, ſeemes long to th'd day:
But nights of ill like moments ſlip away.
The more ill threats vs, we ſuſpect the leſſe.
To harme, there alwaies needs but little helpe.
Euill enſueth of each wrong intent.
With vniuſt to ſtand debating lawes,

Is to giue power to hurt a rightfull cauſe.
Conſtrained ill muſt needs be ſuffered.
We ſee the good, but yet we chuſe the ill.
Oft that is vile, ſhewes like a vertuous deed.
Nothing the world with greater harme doth fil,
Than want of feeling one anothers ill.
Mens faults doe ſeldome to them-ſelues appeare.
Men ſmother partially their owne miſdeeds.
Faults ſtill againſt them-ſelues giue euidence.
When better choices are not to be had,
We needs muſt take the ſeeming beſt of bad.
The euill doth alwaies argue the offence.
One bad done deed, may worke to many ill.
Euill ſeeming good, is moſt pernicious.
Thoſe euils whereto a man by loue is driuen,
So much the rather ought to be forgiuen.
Things badly got, can haue but bad ſucceſſe.
Cuſtome confirmes, and makes ill in perfection.
Nothing is euill, that is neceſſarie.
Too ſmall a ſacrifice for miſchiefes done
Is one mans breath, that thouſand did defeat.
Miſchiefe is no meet way to ſeeke redreſſe.
Miſchiefe is oft thought good by ſpeeding ill.
A bad beginning makes a worſer end.
Ill ſome-times is the cauſe of good ſucceſſe,
And wicked meanings turne to happineſſe.
One miſchiefes Sunne, thawes not anothers Ice.
The ſight of euill ſets out goodneſſe beſt.
Euill deſſignes haue euill accidents.
All ſuch as are the miniſters of ill,
The gallowes eates, or fatall ſword doth kill.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS Fowlers by their craft beguile the birds,
So wicked deeds corrupt plaine meaning minds.
As ſerpents food is onely on the earth,
So wicked mens delights, is ill done deeds.
As ſheep-cloath'd Wolues do alwaies greateſt ſpoile,
So painted deeds doe moſt of all deceiue.
As *Circes* witch-crafts chaunged men to beaſts,
So wicked deeds makes ſeeming men bruitbeaſts,
As braunches proſper not cut from the tree,
So all is vaine that ſwerues from honeſt courſe.
As litle ſparkes of fire procure great harme,
So leaſt ill deeds doe hardly find amends.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

PE*ricles* ſaid, th'Athenians loued him.
Becauſe they neuer could deteſt his deeds.
Demetrius loſt all his followers.
Becauſe he had no care of doing ill.
Pyrrhus deſired to be ſmit with death,
When he did ought that ill beſeem'd a King.
Seuerus caus'd his man be ſmoakt to death.
Becauſe his deeds ſhould not dishonour him.
Men to doe ill, or iniurie each other.
Is no meane eye ſore, *Tullie* doth affirme.
No man (ſaith *Socrates*) ſhould deale vniuſtly
In any matter, be it ne're ſo ſmall.

Of

Of Thoughts.

Thoughts are the flowring bloſſoms of the mind,
And words, the daily fruits of our deſires.

CLoſe thoughts ſtands free from ſvvord or violence.
No kings commaund could euer hinder thought.
What thought can thinke, another thought can mend.
A ſecret ſhame in euery thought vvill ſmother.
Where feares doe Candie-thoughts with Icie-cold,
Heat ſtirres the tongue to daungers manifold.
Thoughts are but dreames, till their effects be tryed.
Vnſtained thoughts doe ſildome dreame of ill.
A fault vnknovvne, is as a thought vnacted.
Preuention ſpeaketh all, but vvhat he thinkes.
That which the thought would by the tongue digeſt,
The eares conuayes it backe into the breaſt.
The thoughts of men are fed vvith expectations.
All wiſhing thoughts ſprout forth by quicke deſire.
Cities doe baſtardize the braueſt thoughts.
It's very hard, impriſoned thoughts to bale.
Pure thoughts doe alvvaies ſleepe ſecure and ſtill,
Vvhile luſt and murder vvakes to ſtaine and kill.
Thoughts oft times force a lingring life to pine.
Hope ſtrengthened, addes much matter to each thought.

All womens tongues and thoughts ſeldome agree.
How poore ſoeuer, thought is rich enough.
If ſpringing thoughts be any yet diminiſht,
They wither in their prime, & proouc noughtworth.
The heart hath but one ſtring, yet many thoughts.
All earthly thoughts are ſubiect to annoy.
Vnreuerend thoughts gainſt kings, are treacherie.
Vnmeaſur'd thoughts by fortune are cut ſhort.
Nothing doth ſooner dry vp beauties blood,
Than ſullein thoughts, though it be ne're ſo freſh.
Oft princes thoughts are tyed to beauties wings.
All wicked thoughts haue ſtill a wicked end.
Sweet is the thought where hope perſwadeth hap.
Sweet are the thoughts that neuer found amiſſe.
Nothing doth ſooner ſhorten life of man,
Than vaine deluding hopes, and idle thoughts.
Deare is the thought whereby diſcretion liues.
Thoughts proſper not, where feare doth periſh them.
No witneſſe needeth for a guiltie thought
The meaneſt man, will yet in thought aſpire.
Our narrow-eyed thoughts oft times loue more direct,
Than our looſe wiſdomes, borne with wild neglect.
All leaden thoughts, than earth no higher flyes.
Full many ſignes bewraies our ſecret thoughts.
Thoughts often-times doe ſhroud vs in the earth.
To muſe and meditate, is learnings life.
By common carriage of the outward parts,
The ſecret thoughts are ſeene of many hearts.
Carrie thy thoughts in ſilence ſealed vp.
Sweet are the thoughts of pleaſures we haue tryed.
Thoughts are not ſeene, yet lookes bewray the mind.

Similies

Similies on the same subiect.

AS white and blacke are contrarie in sight,
So words and thoughts are very different.
As fire and water neuer can agree,
Euen so mens words and thoughts doe disagree.
As courtiers cloakes are shifted very oft,
So are our thoughts neuer at certaine stay.
As light is welcome to perplexed minds,
So merrie thoughts doe banish sadnesse best.
As euery tree hath his peculiar fruit,
So euery man hath his owne priuat thought.
As merrie hosts care not for frowning guests,
So pleasant minds can brooke no pensiue thoughts.

Examples likewise on the same.

Cæsar did neuer feare a merrie looke.
But doubted sad men to haue wicked thoughts.
The *Spartanes* carried commendation,
Because they scorn'd to beare iniurious thoughts.
Paulullus being told, his sonne was dead,
Made answere: Therefore he would take no thought.
When *Scipio* read the bookes of *Xenophon*,
He said: They counsail'd him from taking thought.
Thoughts doe afflict the mind, saith *Cicero*,
And makes it subiect to no certaintie.
Saith *Aristotle*, They need Physicke most,
That doe deuoure their health by fretfull thoughts.

Of

Of Teares,&c.

Teares are best friends to solitarie minds:
And mourning is a foe to company.

VVEeping auailes not, where laments are scorn'd.
Our teares oft times draw teares from others eies.
Great losses, greatly are to be bemoan'd.
Teares tye the tongue of an accusers grudge,
And softs the rigour of the stearnest iudge.
No griefe like that, to mourne and be despis'd.
A troubled soule in teares her comfort seekes.
Well mourning garments fit a mourning mind.
Teares are dumbe Orators, and wanting speech,
Perswade sometime more than the tongue can doe.
Teares are the most effectuall rhetoricke.
Teares are the treasure of a griefe-gald heart.
Griefe tyes the tongue and sorrow stoppeth teares.
Teares must not be as torments, but as markes
To shew the loue we beare vnto our friend.
Teares will appease, where trespasse hath incenst.
Repentant teares doth quench Gods kindled ire.
Teares shed in time, doth winne a blisse-full houre.
Our teares must be as drops of Christs blood,
Not feigned, but deriued from the heart.

The

The heart may weepe, although the eyes be drie.
Partners in loue, are partners in laments.
Eyes are first causers of the hearts lamenting.
Musicke can hardly solace humane eares,
When strings are broke, and eyes are drown'd in teares.
Soft teares make batterie in the hardest heart.
Teares deem'd but silent, are as loud as thunder.
Teares are swift postes to certifie our griefes.
They seldome doe respect poore beggers teares,
That may haue musique to delight their eares.
Teares are as nourishment to godly soules.
Weeping is ioy to well affected minds.
Our eyes must not be drowned, nor yet dry.
To weepe for losse, or worldly dignitie
And not for sinne, is meere hypocrisie.
Teares kindle loue, and qualifie displeasure.
The deepest cares, breake neuer into teares.
Teares ill becomes the Iudge that first condemnes.
To weepe alone, is thought an yrkesome sore:
Yet companie disturbeth some, much more.
Venus smiles seldome in a house of teares.
It's better wake and weepe, than sleepe and ioy.
Teares ease the mind, though else doe smal auaile.
Drops pierce the flint, not by their force or strength,
But by oft falling weares it out at length.
Teares shed for vertues sake, are blessed teares.
Teares worke no ruth, but where the heart is tender.
Teares are the riches of a sighing soule.
Griefe-broken hearts doe liue with teares in eyes.
And dye with mirth, appearing in their lookes.
Griefe till all ends, hath neuer perfect ending.
Sighes vsually proceed from griefe and smart.
Teares doe but blind the eyes, as clouds the aire.
The rich man doth reuenge him-selfe by armes,

But poore men haue no other helpe than teares.
Whose griefes are great, haue need of quickest cure.
Teares cannot change what God hath fore-decreed.
Teares do want eies which should giue teares to weep.
Teares are no remedies for sad distresse:
Neither can present plaints ease passed harmes.
Hearts true contrition, is soules blisse beginner.
Teares are the badges of true penitence.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS some men weepe that are not rightly sad,
So many smile that are not rightly glad.
As trees by nature bringeth forth their fruit,
So sorrow doth by custome shed sad teares.
As thunder alwayes is not quencht with raine,
So griefe not euer is appeasd with teares.
As too much boldnesse is in women bad,
So fits it not in men to be too sad.
As shoures of raine doe cause the earths encrease,
So streames of teares doe giue the soule true peace.
As weeping Oliue trees most fruitfull are,
So mourning minds doe soonest kill despaire.

Examples likewise on the same.

BRaue *Coriolanus* being banisht Rome,
Toucht with his fault, went forth, and dide in teares.
The Romane matrons for old *Brutus* death,
For one whole yere did nothing else but mourne.
The wife of *Leonatus* her misbehauiour,
In teares and anguish did abridge his dares.

Crassus

Craſſus was neuer ſeene in all his life,
But once to ſmile, but many times to mourne.
Seneca ſaith, That mightie men by power
Reuenge themſelues; the weaker, by their teares.
The broken heart (ſaith *Tullie*) hath moiſt eyes,
When often-times it faignes forth merrie lookes.

Of Humilitie, &c.

Humilitie, is lowlineſſe of mind,
The onely way, the ſeat of bliſſe to find.

HVmilitie lookes lowly on the ground.
Humilitie, her friends with kindneſſe feeds.
The lowly dales enuie not higheſt hills.
Humilitie, to heauen the ſteppe, the ſtaire,
Iuſt deuotion, heartie griefe, and prayer.
he lowly mind doth higheſt gifts adorne.
erkneſſe of heart is glorie to man-kind.
militie admires his paine with ioy.
The kindly dew drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
e Cedar yeeldeth to the Axes edge.
ter ſit ſtill, than riſe, and after fall.
e ſhrub is ſafe, when the tall Cedar ſhakes,
He that high growth on Cedar did beſtow,

Gaue

Gaue likewiſe lowly Muſhromes leaue to grow.
Humble and meeke, becomes both young and old.
Gray hath leſſe griefe, than coſtly ſilken ſutes.
Humilitie walkes lowly on the earth,
Aſſur'd of certaine dignitie in heauen.
The loweſt ſhrubs doe feele the feweſt ſtormes.
The minds ſubmiſſion pulls downe loftie lookes.
When as the Eagle meanes his higheſt flight,
He makes his mounting in the loweſt dale.
Great floods doe often riſe from humble ſtreames.
Content below, ne're climbes to ſeeke aloft.
The cottage ſeated in the lowly dale,
Is more ſecure than higheſt ſouerayntie.
Humilitie, the ſoules chiefe beautie is.
Humilitie doth anger ſoone aſſwage.
A lowly life that feares no ſuddaine loſſe,
Is ſtill content how-euer things goes croſſe.
An humble mind ſauours of pietie.
True humblenes doth all mens vertues praiſe.
A mind that feares no fall, nor craues no crowne,
Is in the righteſt way to true renowme.
Religions chiefe precept, is humblenes.
Happie that man, who is in honour humble.
Where humble thoughts doe to the heauens aſpire,
There is no place for any proud deſire.
The minds beſt armour, is humilitie.
Lowlineſſe is the perfect path to honour.
Humilitie hath brought thoſe things to paſſe,
Which reaſon, nor no Vertue elſe could doe.
Pride wageth warre againſt humilitie.
By lowlineſſe, is true diſcretion wonne.
Proud minds can hardly learne humilitie.
Humilitie augments benevolence,
Supporteth truth, and keepes a kingdome ſafe.

Humilitie reuiues dead charitie.
The face doth ſoone expreſſe an humble mind.
Truth ſoone appeares to humble minded men.
The noble Lyon neuer ſlayes the leaſt,
But alwayes preyes vpon the proudeſt beaſt.
Humilitie rules all the minds affects.
No way to heauen, but by humilitie.
Humilitie winnes immortalitie.
Humilitie with perfect grace ſtands faſt,
When all things elſe are vaniſhed and paſt.
Breake not a bending reed, ſpare the ſubmiſſe.
Earth veſſels, with the brazen may not ſtriue.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS lowlineſſe of heart brings downe heauens grace,
So humble words can proudeſt tearmes deface.
As ſalt doth ſeaſon euery kind of meat,
So lowlineſſe doth ſhew all vertues beſt.
As vallies fertilneſſe the hills exceeds,
So humble lowlineſſe ſhewes faireſt deeds:
As wine in loweſt vaults is beſt preſerv'd,
So grace in humble minds is beſt diſcern'd,
As proud preſumption ſeekes his owne decay,
So lowlineſſe to bliſſe directs the way.
As ignorance moſt ſcorneth to be taught,
So humbleneſſe deſireth ſtill to learne.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

PHilip for humblenes of mind was praiſd,
Beyond all princes of the Macedons.
Antigonus with great humilitie,

Hum

Bare

Bare off the ſlaunders of his enemies.
Scipio, in all his fortunes neuer ſweru'd,
From patient ſufferance, and humilitie.
Pericle. moſt of all defam'd him-ſelfe,
By making ſcorne of true humilitie.
Tullie affirmes, all vertues what-ſoe're,
Are ſooneſt learned by humilitie.
Plato calls lowlineſſe, the ſoules defence,
And onely ſhield againſt extremities.

Of Authoritie, &c.

Authoritie proud pompe, and wordly power,
Makes monarchs but as marks, whe fate doth lowe

AVthoritie makes many men ſeuere.
Death giues no thanks, but checks authority.
It is in Gathe, and fondly we reſiſt,
Againſt proud might; that can doe what it liſt.
A lawfull title counter checks proud might.
The greateſt oft may need a weaker helpe.
Little auailes a lawleſſe uſurpation,
Which gaines a ſceptre, but not rules a nation.
Might wanting meaſure prooueth ſurquedrie.
Nothing ſo fell as wrong, being arm'd with right.

Might is reputed absolute alone,
When of two powers there's true coniunction.
Some learne to rule, while others learne to liue.
They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them.
Vaine is the vaunt, and Victorie vniust,
That more to might, than rightfull cause doth trust.
When great leaues fall then winter is at hand.
Needs must we doe, what might will force vs doe.
The ouer-spreading pompe of greatest might,
Will darken weakenesse, and debase his sight.
What mightie men misdoe, they cannot mend.
Deepe are the blowes made with a mightie Axe.
More than enough he finds, that finds his might,
Hath force to make all that he will haue, right.
The more, the mightier, if they gree in one.
Arme not vnskilfulnes with mightie power.
He, who his owne cause makes, doth still deuise,
To make too much, to haue it more than sure.
Great is the daunger of vnmastred might.
Too many great, one kingdome cannot hold.
Where power hath decreed to find offence,
The cause is better still, than the defence.
Might makes a title, where he hath no right.
Men count that wrong, is compassed by might.
He onely treads the sure and perfect path,
To greatnesse, who loue and opinion hath.
Vncertaine power, cannot it selfe retaine.
Custome hath power to kill with weakest might.
Who falls but low, may quickly rise againe:
Who falls from hight, is mercilesselie slaine.
Loue is not alwaies dignities companion.
The tallest trees are shaken most with winds.
When one selfe power is common made to two,
Their duties they nor suffer, nor will doe.

Preferment is the firſt ſtep to diſquiet.
In equall play-fellowes, no perill lyes.
The man that giues a weapon to his ſtronger,
Is like himſelfe to carrie rule no longer.
Ech little ſpot appeares moſt in the face.
Great might is like a fortified tower.
No man can manage great affaires of ſtate,
And yet content a wayward multitude.
Where many lead, they lead to many blowes.
Let Gods with Gods, and men with men contend.
What ere he be, with his ſuperiour playes
Stands in the mouth of daunger many wayes.
He hardly will entreat, that may commaund.
All dignitie on tickle ſtayes doth ſtand.
With mightie men 'tis better ceaſing ſtriſe,
Than an vnequall quarell to maintaine.
There is no hell, like to declining pompe.
He ſits not ſafeſt, that is mounted high.
In high degree ſmall failts are quickly ſpide,
But low eſtate a many errours hyde.
No high eſtate can yeeld a quiet life.
The power of vertue euer-more preuailes.
What though our ſinnes go braue and better clad?
They are in ragges as baſe and alt as bad.
Might breakes the law the ſacred Senat makes.
The more our greatneſſe, makes our faults the more.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS in fine cloath the brighteſt ſtaines we ſee,
So faults are moſt diſcern'd in high degree.
As haſtie climbers oft catch ſuddaine falls,
So might miſ-vſde, doth kindle nought but braules.

As he that ſtands on high, ſtands ſtill in feare,
So they that manage ſtates, doe want no care.
As Raſors are not fit for childrens hands,
So fooles no way beſeeme authoritie.
As preſidents are apteſt meanes for youth,
So rulers goodneſſe giues examples beſt.
As the great Elme ſupports the ſpreading vine,
So might ought ſtill ſupport humilitie.

Examples hereof are generally through the booke: as in Kings, Princes, Kingdomes, Magiſtrates, &c. and therefore no need of other collections.

Of Courage, &c.

Courage, is foe to faint-heart cowardiſe:
And man-hood, teacheth valour to be wiſe.

COurage emboldneth wit, wit courage armes,
Without experience, valour wants his armes.
Danger and feare, like cowards turnes aſide,
When man-hood is by reſolution tryde.
Skill valour guides, and valour armeth skill.
Who hopes a conqueſt, leaues no meanes vnſought.

The inward thoughts, that haughtie courage beares,
Grieues more at words, than death is pale-faced fearts.
Courage, with cowardise will not be matcht.
The valiant man, doth most in warre delight.
Seldome shall any liuing creature see,
That courtesie and manhood disagree.
The coward seekes to liue at home in ease.
Valour is neuer knowne till it be tryed.
They that attempt high daungers euident,
Vpon no reason, are not Valiant.
Actions doe kill imaginations sway.
Vnequall warres, t'vnequall shame is sold.
The man that dares, not caring how he dares,
Sells Vertues name, to purchase foolish skarres.
Rebellious natures must be roughly vs'd.
Repining courage yeelds no foe a foot.
Cowards doe onely wish and call for death,
While Valiant hearts in silence banish breath.
Vaine words cannot bewitch a valiant mind.
Measure not manhood by the outward shewe.
The noble courage neuer weeneth ought,
That may vnworthie of it selfe be thought.
Chafter no words, high, courage to prouoke.
Courage may lend a cloake to cowardise.
Nothing the praise of manhood more doth marre,
Than foule reuenge, and base contentions iarre.
Action, is fierie valours soueraigne good.
True valour lodgeth in the lowliest hearts.
High courage with true wisdome alwaies backt,
Winnes perfect fame, and shunneth each mishap.
Weakenesse is false, and faith in cowards rare.
Glorie doth follow, courage goes before.
The man that couples courage with desire,
Runnes freely through his daunger, and preuailes.

True

True valour aimes at honour euermore.
A cowards heart keepes words and deedes asunder.
A iewell in a ten-times barr'd-vp cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyall breaſt.
Courage and induſtrie can neuer want.
In conquering will, true courage moſt is ſhewen.
In Vaine he ſeeketh others to ſuppreſſe,
Who hath not learn'd firſt to ſubdue himſelfe.
All ſtrength is fraile, and full of fickleneſſe.
No fortunes frowne can daunt true valors heart.
Beggers (but feigning braueries) are the proudeſt:
And cowards (bragging boldneſſe) wrangle loudeſt.
A valiant mind diſdaines to hide his head.
It's cowardiſe, vnworthie wrongs to beare.
Where wronged Valour reignes, it's hard to find
Such pittie, as may honours pride controll.
True valour, feeles nor griefe nor miſerie.
Reſolute courage, makes loue fortunate.
Cowards in peace doe dread the weapons ſight,
But vrg'ed by need, will venture then the pikes.
Courage to dye, exceeds a captiu'd life.
Courage deſpiſeth dread, and conquers death.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS courage addeth wings to braue deſire,
So bloodie ſhewes doth quench inceaſed ire.
As it is valour to be conquerour,
So wiſdome maketh vſe of victorie.
As courage keepes the mind from baſe aſſaults,
So cowardiſe infects it with all faults.
As courage is eſteem'd a wiſe mans coat,
So cowardiſe is follies cogniſance.
As Faulconers doe in Faulcons moſt delight,
So mightie men reioyceth in their might.

True

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

THe Romane *Sergius*, looſing his right hand,
Slew with his left hand, foure in ſingle fight.
Seaued entred king *Porſenaes* Tent,
Either to kill him or to be ſlaine by him.
Agis diſſuaded from the fight, replyed:
No man wonne ſhame, that with true courage dide.
Stout *Alcibiades* cheerd vp his followers,
By his courageous leading them to field.
Courage, ſaith *Seneca*, is of ſuch power,
As it can conquer any miſerie.
Plato ſaith, Courage elcuates the mind,
To all things that are laudable and iuſt.

Of Pleaſure, &c.

Pleaſure and ſweet Delights, doe much beguile:
Expecting ioy, griefe happens oft meane-while.

PLeaſures are poore, and our delights ſoone dye.
Where pleaſure is diſplac'd, care keepes his marte.
Where care kills pleaſure, life not long endures.
Who tries, ſhall find, that pleaſures long reſtrain'd,
Be farre more pleaſant when they once are gain'd.

Whe

Where ſtrife is ſtirr'd, there pleaſure hath no part.
Worlds pleaſure laſts not long, but griefe abides.
Farewell delight, when graueld is all grace.
Neuer haue vniuſt pleaſures beene compleat,
In ioyes entire, but feare ſtill keepes the doore.
The ſweeteſt pleaſure hath the ſhoreeſt date.
Long wiſhed things, a ſweet delight doe beare.
Pleaſure and penaunce ſtill are mortall foes.
Enforced ſolace, like a vapour flyes,
And hath no power repining hearts to moouе.
Solace and ſorrow haue their certaine times.
While pleaſure withers, paine more ripe doth grow
When pleaſures ebbe, then griefes begin to flow.
To vaine delights, a man may eaſily goe:
But ſafely to returne, may much be fear'd.
Beſt muſicke breeds delight in loathing eares.
The ſtrong, through pleaſure falls; the weake, by ſmart.
Pleaſures doe neuer feed, but on exceſſe.
He that in pleaſure. vaine doth time beſtow,
Treads but the path to his owne ouerthrow.
In things without vs no delight is ſure.
Pleaſure is felt, opinion but conceiu'd,
Pleaſure is ſhort, and glory laſts not long.
The ſweets we wiſh for, turne to loathed ſowers,
Euen in the moment, that we call them ours.
That pleaſeth moſt is fartheſt from the eye.
Low is the ſtalke, whereon beſt pleaſures grow.
Pleaſure a ſleepe, then ſorrow will awake.
Maids are not wonne by brutiſh force or might,
But ſpeeches full of pleaſure and delight.
Pleaſure maintain'd by care, is quickly loſt.
After long ſickeneſſe, health brings moſt delight.
Vncertaine pleaſures, brings a certaine paine.
Maydes doe take more delight, when they prepare,

And thinke of wiues state, than when wiues they are.
Shortest delights, doe bring a long repent.
Pleasures them selues are but imaginations.
Things soone obtain'd, doe least of all delight.
This world is but the pleasure of an houre,
And yet the sorrow of a thousand dayes.
Oft pleasures past, doe way to woe prepare.
In worldly mirth, lurketh much miserie.
All sweet delights, are drowned in dulled minds.
Pleasures (like posting guests) make but small stay,
Where griefes bide long, and leaue a score to pay.
It's true delight, to knowe the cause of griefe.
Mirth soundeth harsh to melancholly men.
Mirth makes the longest iourneies to seeme short.
What more apparant signe can be of madnesse,
Than haue anothers pleasure cause thy sadnesse?
Who buyes a minutes mirth, may waile a weeke.
Mirth searcheth out the bottome of annoy.
Vnlawfull pleasures, hate destruction.
Potions (of pleasant) though infectious,
Are sooner ta'ne, than holesome pills for health.
Sorrow, fore-going pleasure, graceth it.
Gladnesse with griefe continually is mixt.
Banke-rupts in pleasure, can but pay with woe.
We are right vocable to imitate,
Depraued pleasures, though degenerate.
Short pleasures many times haue large repents.
Pleasures are still inductions to our griefes.
Oft hath a tragicke entrance, pleasant end.

Similies

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

As no eſtate can ſtable ſtand for aye,
So euery pleaſure hath his ending day.
As ſmall brookes ſwell and are enrag'd with raine,
So ſight of pleaſure trebleth euery paine.
As weeds expeld, the corne doth better thriue,
So care being kild, pleaſure bides long aliue.
As greateſt griefes doe make the leaſt not ſcene,
So huge delights cauſe meane ones vaniſh cleane.
As greateſt light, is in the largeſt skie,
So that delights, is furtheſt from the eye.
As ſad minds brooke no merrie compānie,
So ſorrow is to pleaſure enemie.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Ardanapalus was ſo giuen to pleaſure,
That of a man, he made him ſelfe a beaſt.
Xerxes beſtowed gifts on none but ſuch,
As daily could inuent new kinds of pleaſures.
In King *Latinus* Court, the Troyans
In choiſe of all delights did ſpend their time.
Demetrius being to all vaine pleaſures giuen,
Was by the Macedonians quite expulſt.
Cineas told *Fabritius*, that vaine pleaſure,
Did like a moath conſume the life of man.
Demoſthenes in his Orations,
Alwayes forbad voluptuous vaine delights.

Of Paine.

Paine, as companion doth on Pleaſure wait:
And Daunger is the hand-maid to Delight.

SHort paine may be endur'd, that brings long eaſe.
He neuer findeth helpe, that hides his paine.
Farre harder is it, to learne continence
In ioyfull pleaſures, than in grieuous paine.
They leſſer paines can beare, that hide the great.
Paine profit reapes, if ſeeds be wiſely ſowne.
Where words be ſcarſe, th'are ſeldome ſpent in vaine,
For they ſpeake truth, that breath their words with paine.
Soone-dying mirth, begets long-liuing paine.
Who bears the wound, perforce muſt feele the paine.
The man that needs will ſeeke for vnknowne gaine,
Oft liues by leſſe, and leaues with mickle paine.
The greater paine the greater miſerie.
Paine payes the in-come of each precious thing.
It eaſeth ſome though none is euer cur'd,
To thinke that others haue their paines endur'd.
It's paine to keepe the things we would expreſſe.
All labours haue their end, but paine hath none.
No paine or ſickneſſe doth ſo ſwiftly breed,
As euill humours grow, the griefe to feed.

To get, and keepe not; it not losse, but paine.
Paine breedeth honour, vertue getteth fame.
Better in prison euer to remaine,
Than being forth, to suffer greater paine.
With ease a sparke, with paine is quencht a flame.
Pleasure doth follow paine, and blisse annoy.
It's paine and griefe, to beare and suffer wrong:
But shame and sinne to him that easeth it.
An inward sore strikes the Phisition blind.
Salues seldome helpe ouer-long festred sores.
How mightie is the soueraigne power of loue,
Which paine, thirst, hunger, nó nor death can moouc?
Sad musicke to sad passions, addes more paine,
One paine is lessened by anothers anguish.
Let him for euer liue in woe and griefe,
That feeleth paine, and will not haue reliefe.
Paine is the entrance to eternall ioy.
How fraile is that which men atchieue with paine?
They that must either serue, or pine in want,
Ought scorne no paines, that may relieue their scant.
The cause, and not the paine, the martyr makes.
Remembrance of ioyes past, breeds greater paine.
He that with ease may paine and harme eschew,
Is vaine, if he his proper death pursue.
Patience doth put all toyle-some paine to flight.
He best doth beare his paine, that hides it most.
Few linke for loue, but all for greedie gaine,
Though in the end, it turnes them most to paine.
An vnknowne paine, is greatest miserie.
He cannot iudge of pleasure, ne're felt paine.

Similes

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS daunger waiteth at the heeles of pride,
So euery pleaſure hath a following paine.
As where miſhaps doe flow, there loue doth ebbe,
So where friends faile, the heart feeles no like paine.
As ſicke men with leaſt anguiſh are diſturb'd,
So to vexe troubled minds, augments their paine.
As Sun-ſhine daies of fortune getteth friends,
So paine or perill looſeth them as ſoone.
As miſerie a med'cine hardly finds,
So inward paines, are not with pratings cur'd.
As he beares ſorrow beſt that hides it moſt,
So who knowes patience, ſtands prepar'd for paine.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

PHiloſtrates endured all his paines,
To th'admiration of his enemies.
Marius the Romane ſaid, he felt no paine
In all his hurts, if but one friend were by.
Sextus Pompeius could abide no paine,
No, not ſo much as feele his head to ake.
The Spartanes for their pleaſures, made ſtrict lawes,
Shewing, what paine to each one did belong,
Cicero ſaid, No paine could touch the mind,
That was but rampier'd-in with ſufferance.
And *Ariſtotle* held the ſame opinion,
Firme reſolution could ſubdue all paine.

Of Pouertie,&c.

Pouertie is a vertue of it ſelfe,
Content with want and needie miſerie.

POuertie is not wiſdomes hinderance.
Contended pouertie is greateſt wealth.
Need,is eſteem'd a perfect Schoole-miſtreſſe.
Need anſwers not to euery mans requeſt.
Poore miſerie is troden on by many,
And being low,neuer relieu'd by any.
Wiſe men,muſt giue place to neceſſitie.
Ignorance is the greateſt pouertie.
Stout vowes are oft repeal'd in extreame need.
Sweet are poore crummes,where pained thoughts doe ſtarue.
Need hurteth none ſo much as ſillie ſoules,
Who cannot patiently endure her yoke.
Gentie breeds perill,want procures diſdaine.
Miſerie craues rather mercie,than reproofe.
There is no vertue like neceſſitie.
Thanks ought be deem'd th'Exchequer of the poore.
We ſhould our ſelues not miſerable deeme,
Sith none are ſo but in their owne eſteeme.
To needie men,delay is euen as death.
Moſt wretched he,that is,yet cannot tell.
Miſerie oft makes ſport to mocke it ſelfe.

The wretched conquered, may nought refuse.
Who in distresse from resolution flyes,
Is rightly said, to yeeld to miseries.
That needs must be perform'd, which need constraines.
Poore wretches haue remorse in poore abuses.
The graunts are small to them that stand in need.
Men flye from foes, but not from miserie.
Sharpe are the wounds, but sweet the medcines be,
That wretched soules from wearie bondage free.
Want pines away, and comfortlesse doth dye.
Delay leads impotent and snaile-pac'd need.
He is not poore hath little, but that much desires.
Contended pouertie, is happinesse.
A little stroke will serue to make him die,
That is halfe slaine before with miserie.
Diligence most enableth poorest men.
The loue of poore men, great mens harmes debates.
Loue neuer keepes where wretchednes abides.
Poore men should suffer for no great mens sinnes.
No truer friends haue poore men than their teares,
Wherein men (each way wretched) may be rich.
It is too much for one good man to want.
Giue them that want, not such as haue no need.
To liue and lacke, doth breed a daily griefe.
Sharpe is the food necessitie impoleth.
Want smiles secure when princely thoughts doe seele
That feare and daunger treads vpon their heele.
Speed in necessitie, is chiefest spurre.
Distresse cuts deeper than sterne fortunes frowne.
Necessitie endures what else would not.
Miserie finds no multitude of friends.
It is an honour to aduersitie,
With sleights to vndermine prosperitie.
Where need compells, Orations are in vaine.

Occasi

Occaſion makes them ſtirre, that elſe would not.
The iuſt mans miſerie is no meane merit.
Though thou art poore, yet ſeeke, and thou ſhalt find.
Proſperitie is low'd of very many,
But men in want are hardly holpe by any.
By others wants we know our owne good haps.
Miſerie doth the braueſt mind abate.
Need makes men ſeeke for that they ſomtime ſcorn'd.
Want, is the enemie to good deſires.
Pouertie oft with heauie clogge of care
Pulls many downe when they aſcending are.
Poore men are little ſhrubs, rich men tall trees.
Need ſometimes doth inſtruct vnlawfull things.
A poore and honeſt life hath no compare.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS Kings haue honour to beare out their deeds,
The poore haue honeſtie to guide their liues.
As riches ſeemeth cumberſome to fooles,
So pouertie is pleaſing to the wiſe.
As riches is the mother of delight,
So pouertie doth nource calamitie.
As want, to many is intollerable,
So in good men it is moſt comfortable.
As the wild Aſſes ſtill the Lyons prey,
So doe the rich feed on the poore ech day.
As euery Artizane beſt knowes his trade,
So euery poore man beſt doth feele his want.

Examples

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Publicola caſt downe from high degree,
Sham'd not, but ioyed in his pouertie.
Ariſtides, from humble pouertie,
Was raiſed to degree of dignitie.
Fabritius in his meaneſt pouertie,
Pyrrus made choiſe of, as companion.
Vulturnus baniſhed by *Anthonie*,
Neuer repined at his miſerie.
Pouertie, is helpe to Philoſophie,
Learn'd of it ſelfe; ſo ſaid *Diogenes*.
Lactantius ſaid: *Take away inſolence,*
And there's no difference twixt the rich and poore.

Of Bountie, &c.

Bountie hath open hands, a zealous hart:
And liberally beſtowes without reſpect.

Like clouds that haue no raine, are liberall words.
The whole effect of bountie, is in loue.
The liberall heart, God cheriſheth and loues,
And from him ſtill, all cauſe of want remooues.

The more the fruit, more precious the tree.
The more the fish, more valued is the streame.
That bountie is the best, and most approu'd,
Which without perill of renowne is past.
The goodliest night is, when most starres are seene.
Bounties best honour is to helpe the poore,
And happines to liue in good mens minds.
We count that ground the best, which yeelds most graine.
Bountie, remitting fraile and mortall things,
Doth for reward receiue immortall fame.
The whole effect of bountie, is in loue.
They that in bountie doe begin to want,
In weake estate shall find their friends and foes.
True bountie is not fastned to respect.
A spend-thrife sworne to prodigalitie,
Excuseth it with liberalitie.
A liberall minded man, base enuie hates.
He that still draweth forth without supply,
The fountaine of his store will soone be drie.
He neuer giues in vaine, that giues in zeale.
Gifts to the poore, let them be done with speed,
For long delay, more wretched makes their need.
Bountie and thankefulnesse are concords bounds.
One gift in time bestowed, as good minds doe,
Falls out in proofe to helpe much more than two.
A liberall heart procures beneuolence.
Honours chiefe grace is liberalitie.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS pride makes enemies of perfect friends,
So liberalitie makes friends of foes.
As hollow spouts retaineth nought but aire,

So hollow hearts all bountie euer hate.
As Bees doe flocke vnto a hony dewe,
So multitudes flyes to a liberall mind.
As shadowes hinders ripening of the fruits,
So coueteousnes still holdeth bountie backe.
As Henbane causeth death by sleepines,
So bountie is destroy'd by niggardnes.
As manhood is discern'd by cowardise,
So bountie is beheld by wretchednesse.

Examples likewise on the same.

BY liberall bountie. *Alexander* wonne
More fame, than all his conquests else beside.
Cæsar, by bountie to his followers,
Was call'd the liberall'st prince in all those times.
Archelaus gaue not to vnworthie men,
For that he held not liberalitie.
Titus, remembring one day nothing giuen,
Said: O my friends, how haue we lost this day?
Plato said, Niggards neuer can be good,
For all attendeth on the bountifull.
Phocylides will'd no man sleepe at night,
Till that day he could count some well-done deed.

Of

Of Follie.

Follie is both rewarded and respected,
When wit is often scorned and reiected.

WHat folly can pretend, wisdome preuents.
A greater signe of folie is not knowne,
Than trusting others force, distrust our owne.
Repentance, youthfull follie quite expells.
Who hazards his estate to ewedue
A cureless mischiefe, may be tearm'd a foole.
Wishes are vaine, where will is follies guide.
Fooles may not play with swords, nor maids with loue,
Least follie crye, and wanttonnes repent.
Fooles many times, to dignities arise.
A foole such pastime with his pleasure maketh,
As in the end his ruine he awaketh.
Fooles wanting knowledge, doe contemne the wise.
He is a foole that doth prepare a ginne,
To be him-selfe the first man ta'ne therein.
Vnlettered fooles, at learning doe repine.
Who with a rasour thinkes to cut the flint,
But vnder-takes a foolish fruit lesse taske.
Follies oft leaue a memorie of shame.
Learning doth liue in penurie and bare,

When fooles grow rich, and feed on daintieſt fare.
Wiſdome doth frowne when follie is in place,
Fooles are ſet vp in offices full gay,
When wiſer men come downe, and ſit below.
It's better be a foole, than prooue a Foxe.
Follie is iudg'd in ſilence to be wiſe,
For too much babbling, wiſdome doth deſpiſe.
Follie flings forth, if councell touch him neere.
For childrens hands a raſour is vnfit,
And fooles vnmeet in wiſdomes ſeat to ſit.
What greater ſcourge than follie, is to wit?
Fooliſh that ſcience is (held we're ſo deare)
Which fore-ſhewes perils farre, not daungers neere.
Silence is ſtill beſt anſwer to a foole.
Promote a foole, his follie ſtraight appeares,
And prooues a ſhame to them which caus'd him climbe.
All's prouender to Aſſes, but the aire.
Mount vp a foole, his wit is quickly heard:
Then keepe ſuch downe, let wiſe men be preferr'd.
Inſtructions giuen to fooles, encreaſeth follie.
A leaden ſword clad in a golden ſheath,
Is like a foole of natures fineſt mould.
Follies are ſooner thought on, than redreſt.
For man, it is great follie to delight
In fading ſmoake, and looſe the heauenly light.
Follie, to ſaue a part, and looſe the whole.
A Veryfoole I doe him firmely hold,
That loues his fetters, though they be of gold.
A Lyons skinne hides not the Aſſes eares.
So much doth follie thruſt men into blame,
That euen to leaue off ſhame, they count a ſhame.
Follie, though ouer-guilt, at length appeares.
Proſperitie oft maketh fooles ſtarke mad,

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS fooliſh queſtions merit ſilence beſt,
So kind demaunds require as kind replyes.
As no miſhap can mooue a careleſſe mind,
So no inſtructions can reforme a foole.
As wiſe men not eſteem'd by outward ſhewes,
So any ſemblance ſatisfieth fooles.
As ſnow in ſommer no man doth commend,
So none deemes honour requiſite for fooles.
as ſpots disfigure any beauteous face,
So follie is the blemiſh of the mind.
as ſmoake at higheſt ſooneſt vaniſheth,
So follie priaſed, quickieſt periſheth.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

BY follie *Nicias* was ta'ne aliue,
Diſmayed onely with the Moones eclipſe.
Aemilius tearmed *Perſes* but a foole,
To be diſmay'd becauſe of vanquiſhing.
Cleander, who would needs betray his lord,
Loſt all his hopes and proou'd him-ſelfe a foole.
Torquatus fooliſhly ſhunn'd dignitie,
Becauſe himſelfe was painted with ſo[r]e eyes.
Be neither ſimple, nor yet ouer ſubtill,
Such councell gaue the wiſe and learned *Bias*.
Follie, ſaith *Cicero*, pollutes the ſoule,
But wiſdome is a glorious ornament.

Of Time.

Time calls account of what before is paſt,
For time will haue a reckoning made at laſt.

TIme wanting bounds, ſtill lacketh certaintie.
Time hath a ſalue for all extremities.
There's none but haue in time perſwaded beene.
Flowers haue time, before they fall to ſeed.
We can helpe time, to furrow vs with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage.
Times office is to end the hate of foes.
Times glorie is to calme contending kings.
Time as a tutour both to good and bad.
Short time ſeemes long, in ſorrow ſharpe ſuſtaining.
Time is the herald, that doth beſt of all
Emblazon all affections of the mind.
They that watch well, ſee time how ſlow it creepes.
Dalliance of time doth long lookt ioyes preuent.
Time offers ſtill each houre to doe amiſſe.
In time all things decay, and draw to end.
Time is the ſweet Phiſition, that allowes
Some remedie for all our paſt miſhap.
Times minutes loſſe, no treaſure can reſtore.
We may much ſhorten time by negligence.

Time heales, when Art and reaſon both doe faile.
No time ſo long as that which breedeth griefe.
Nothing than time there is more precious,
And nothing leſſe than time accounted of.
Nothing ſo firme, but time diſſolueth it.
Faire baits of time doth all the world deuoure.
By time and wiſdome, paſſions are ſuppreſt.
In time, ſmall wedges cleaue the hardeſt Oakes.
He that will not endure the ſtormie time,
Where will he liue vntill the luſtie prime?
In time the flint is pierc'd with ſofteſt ſhowers.
Time is the anker both of truth and right.
In great extreames, aduantage hath no time,
Times loſſe, is greateſt prodigalitie.
Time ripens all, and haſtes the harueſt on,
To ſow new ſeeds ere all the old are gone.
Showres come out of time, when corne is ripe.
Time is diſcouerer of all miſhaps.
Time hath ſet downe the compaſſe of his courſe.
When time is loſt, repentance is but vaine.
While we haue iewels, we doe not eſteeme them:
But being loſt, would with our liues redeeme them.
Times chaunge, and we in them, doe alter ſtill.
By times delay, new hope of helpe ſtill liues.
Time is the father of vncertaintie.
Time meaſureth our daily actions.
Times motions equalleth the reeling Sunnes,
Or as the Sea reciprocally runnes.
That longeſt kept, muſt yet at length be ſpent.
Both life and loue, in time muſt haue an end.
Our daily labours harbour deepe diſtruſt.
Time, on the wearieſt wretch, beſtoweth reſt.
The loſſe of time, all other loſſe exceeds.
And commonly, too late repentance breeds.

Tiime is beſt gouernour of all our counſailes,
Time to the greateſt ſorrowes limits end.
Neglected time is follies chiefeſt ſigne.
Time is our liues diſcreeteſt councellor.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS when the ſhip is ſplit, no anker helpes,
So time once ſpent, can neuer be repeal'd.
As ioynts cut off, the plaiſter comes too late,
So time being paſt, repentance booteth not.
As no retrait auailes, when fight is fought:
So no deuiſe recouereth paſſed time.
As time well vſde, a mans beſt treaſure is,
So badly waſted, is moſt miſerie.
As nothing is of greater price than time,
So nothing ſhould with greater care be kept.
As winter nips the freſheſt flowers that be,
So time makes furrowes in the faireſt face.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

S*Euerus* made ſuch deare account of time,
As nothing grieu'd him more than loſſe of time.
Pyrrhus had priuat obſeruations,
Whereby to know how time did ſteale away.
Philip of Macedon would chide himſelfe,
For the leaſt vaine employment of his time.
Great *Alexander* learn'd of *Diogenes*,
How in his warre affaires to ſpend his time.
Bias maintain'd; Fooles might in time be wiſe,
And ignorance attaine to learnings reach.
Our happines of time (in *Solons* mind)
Conſiſteth in the ſhorter while it laſts.

Of

Of Youth.

Youth is that ſtate our minds doth moſt affect,
Our ſpeedieſt ſpoile, without moſt wiſe reſpect.

YOung grafts of future goodneſſe, ſoone appeares.
When youth haue wealth before they can well vſe it,
It is no wonder though they doe abuſe it.
Cuſtome, ſmall faults of youth permits to ſcape.
The meane is beſt, young ſruits the ſtomake gripe,
And elder cloy, when they are ouer-ripe.
Suſpect is ſtill a page that waits on youth.
The Summers glorie ſigures youths vanitie,
The winters wracke, ages declining ſteps.
Youth hardly can obey an old decree.
Looke what impreſſion we in youth retaine,
In age, our reaſon hardly will refraine.
Loue is youths plague, wits ſcourge, and ages hell.
Looke where vnbruiſed youth, with vnſtuft braines
Doth couch his limbes, there golden ſleepe remaines.
The ſpring hath flowres, but autumne witherd leaues.
It's often ſeene, that loue in young men lyes
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Youths loue is quicke, ſwifter than ſwifteſt ſpeed.
Nothing can temper will a young mans rage,

Of

But thraldome, wedlocke, or the ſtaffe of age.

Youth is too hot, and void of care or dread.

Youth learnes to chaunge the courſe that he hath run,
When he perceiues and knowes what age hath done.

Youth minds no daunger in his haſtines.

Young ſlips new ſet, are quickely plucke away,
But elder roots cleaue faſter to the clay.

Youth, into needleſſe quarrels ſoone retaine.

How-euer youngſters ſeeme to boaſt and brane,
Their worth and wit, they from their elders haue.

Lewd obiects, forward natures ſoone is led.

Youths common fault, is to admit and chuſe
Thoſe errours which their lawleſſe parents vſe.

Youth by encreaſing, doth as faſt decreaſe.

What things by vaine examples youth conceiues,
The ſame for lawfull daily he receiues.

Youth well inſtructed, makes age well diſpos'd.

The faults and follies men in youth commit,
Are cauſes of repentance in old age.

Examples are beſt preſidents for youth.

The prime of youth is like the pine tree flowers.
Seemely in ſight, vnſauorie in their ſmell.

Like to a ſhipwracke is the death of youth.

He that in youth, by reaſon guides his life,
In age ſhall find the foot-ſteps from decay.

Youth vſeth paſtimes but as naturall reſt.

The better that a child is borne by birth,
The more reſpect ſhould wait vpon his youth.

So tutour youth, that ages ſinnes may die.

Good doctrines characters being ſtampt in youth,
No age or fortune once can weare them out.

Vanitie is the maske for youths fond march.

Where vice in youth doth beare the chiefeſt ſway,
Their vertue is neglected moſt in age.

Leſſ

Lesse paine to learne in youth, than dote in age.
Tyrannis is no schoole-master for youth,
Rather vse kindnesse than compulsion.
Wild youth, by gentlenesse will sooneſt yeeld.
When beautie and sweet youth are banished,
They neuer after can be call'd againe.
Young willowes easily bend, greene wit soon caught.
Youth grac'd with vertue, then most perfect is.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS sinne is sooneſt entertain'd in youth,
So is it hardly shaken off in age.
As gentle mould is apt for any print,
So youth receiues what e're impreſſion.
As vntill'd fields bring nothing forth but weeds,
So vntaught youth yeelds all but vanitie.
As freſheſt flowres the canker sooneſt eats.
So youthfull heads are quickly caught by vice.
As vnripe apples fall not but by force,
So vnconſtrain'd, youth hardly yeelds to die.
As youngeſt nettles are not free from stings,
So wiſeſt youth hath imperfections.

Examples likewiſe on the same.

Commodus not well tutor'd in his youth,
Did afterward prooue a moſt wicked Prince.
Neros vnbridled youth, made him to fall
To greater leudneſſe than was euer heard.
Cato would to his sonnes be schoole maſter,
Becauſe he would not haue their youth infected.

Scemides and her ſonne were caſt in Tiber,
For bringing vp the gulfe of ſhame to Rome.
Youth well inſtructed, ſaith *Euripides*,
Doth after make his age more honourable.
Pythageras bad, tutor ſo young youth,
The ſinnes of age be not impoſde on thee.

Of Age.

Age is the gift of Heauen, expence of yeares:
Exchange of haps, and graue experience ſchoole.

AGe is a Cinicke, not a flatterer.
Age, or infirmitie, ſoone blaſteth beautie.
Age is alike in Kings and other men.
Gray haires in youth, kindles no greene deſires.
The power of Kings may well with-ſtand proud foes,
But cannot keepe backe age, with time that growes.
In womens honour, age is worſt diſeaſe.
Let ſpringing youth reiourne old ages woes.
For age to die, is right; for youth, it's wrong.
Blame we not youth, if wantonly he wooes,
Since doting old, and booke-wiſe cannot chooſe.
Follie in youth, is ſinne; in age, it's madneſſe.

Age, though conceal'd, doth warme with thoughts deſire.
Cold age dotes moſt, when heat of youth is gone.
Age ſtill is prone to credit what it likes,
Mens chiefeſt aime, is but to nource vplife,
With honour, wealth, and eaſe in warning age.
Reſpect and Reaſon, wait on wrinckled age.
Youthfull delights, lode crooked age with griefe.
Age is as credulous as ſuſpitious.
What can auaile vnpleaſurable age,
That feeds on luſt, or baſe vnable rage?
Age is a glorious crowne, adorn'd with grace.
Death is the due to nature, ages almes.
Gray haires are fruits for death, not flowers for life.
Trees may haue roots, although they beare no leaues.
Loue (as a Vertue) is in age allowed,
Except vnequal choiſe dot diſallow.
Age well may ioyne with youth in law, not loue.
When old Bees dye, the young poſſeſſe the hiue.
Age is chill cold, and full of doubts and feares.
Pleaſant conceits are bloſſoms for young yeares,
But melancholly thoughts, fruits of gray haires.
Age with fore-ſight, a many harmes preuents.
Age takes aduiſe, ere he preſume too farre.
Age is ordaind to counſell, youth to fight.
Age lends fore-ſight, young courage muſt enact.
Age is allowed to gaze at beauties tree,
But youth muſt climbe and gather vp the fruit.
Old age helpes by good counſell and fore-ſight.
Old age can neuer pay youthes debt ſet downe.
Diſcretion waxeth young, when age drawes neere.
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodgeth, ſleepe can neuer lie.
Age breedeth no defect in innocence.
Innocence is an excellence in age.

Old

Old age being come, life cannot long endure.
Each age of man hath end, but old age none.
Age can report, and youth doth daily prooue,
There is no comfort like the sweets of loue.
Sickenesse and age are our conducts to death.
It helpes not age to wish him young againe.
It's grieuous to be old with feares, not yeares.
It's time to flye from brawles of iudgement seat
And publique noise, when age once gets the start.
Gray haires are wisdomes badge, and ages pride.
The benefit of age, is libertie.
Respect old age, it commeth not alone.
Old men, are young mens meetest presidents.
Aduised age right warely doth keepe,
What headstrong youth would loose, and loosing weepe.
Youth runneth well, when age the bridle holds.
Old age hath all things, and yet all things wants.
Our parents age, worse than our grand-sires be,
We worst beget, our children worse than we.
White haires, are grauities embassadours.
Aged and wise, deserues great reuerence.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS Cedars in their age the straighter growes,
So men in age should haue the grauer showes.
As bonds being seald, are past recalling backe,
So age once come, by no meanes can be shund.
As flood-gates helpe not, when the towne is drown'd,
So cunning helpes not, when gray haires are seene.
As coine consum'd, expence is rued too late,
So snow-white heads in vaine wish youth againe.
As Phisicke boots not for a bodie dead,

So counſell helpes not ages wayward head.
As faireſt Sunnie dayes muſt haue their nights,
So goodlieſt youth old age at length affrights.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Litomachus of Carthage, in good yeares
Went to be ſcholler to *Carneades*.
Marcus Aurelius told to *Lucius*,
He went to learne what yet he did not know.
Terentius Varro, and *Marcus Portius Cato*,
Went to learne Greeke when they were verie old.
Alphonſus, king of Arragon, at fiftie yeares,
Tranſlated *Liuie* into the Spaniſh tongue.
When men (ſaith *Tullie*) looke on their white haires,
They muſt doe nothing miſ-becomes thoſe yeares.
Old men, whoſe ſoules are fed with heauenly light,
Grieue not their age, but ioy it, ſo ſaith *Sophocles*.

Of Life.

Life, is a froſt of cold felicitie,
And death, a thaw of all our miſerie.

Life

LIfe is a wandring course to doubtfull rest.
Life is but losse, where death is counted gaine.
When vertues daies doe end, they are not done,
But liue too liues, where others haue but one.
The death of sinne, is life vnto the soule.
Mans life still endeth, with the end of life.
In vanitie of life, and wandring wayes,
The wicked run and weare out all their daies.
Better not be, then being, soone to die.
Life is most loath'd, where loue may not preuaile.
Death is most louely, sweete and amiable,
But captiu'd life, for foulnesse admirable.
The longer life, the greater is our guilt.
Life must with life, and blood with blood be paid.
Hate not thy life, but loath captiuitie,
Where rests no hope to purchase liues worse.
He that giues life, best knowes the date thereof.
Mans life may less'ned, not enlarged be.
Who will not bide the burden of distresse,
Must not here liue, for life is wretchednesse.
True loue despiseth shame, when life is fear'd.
Life warres with loue, and loue contends with life.
Too long they liue, that liue till they be naught,
Life sau'd by sinne, base purchase, dearly bought.
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before.
As death is foe to life, so hate to loue.
Euen then when we of obscure life doe boast,
It often proues, that then we are knowne most.
Men must haue griefe, so long as life remaines.
Life is not that which should be much desir'd.
We often see, who on a king relyes,
Finds death aliue, while liuing yet he dyes.
So some men liue, they care not how they liue.
Life suffers wrong, when death would end her woes.

Ill, compaſſing fit opertunitie.
Or killes his life, or elſe lifes qualitie.
That dead things can giue life, we ſildome find.
Contrition doth reformed life begin.
To liue or dye, which of the two is better,
When life is ſham'd, and death reproches debter?
Firſt doe we bud, then blow; next ſeed, laſt fall.
We aske deaths aid, to end lifes wretchedneſſe.
God guides mans life, and when he liſt to haue it,
Wit, wealth, nor any thing beſide can ſaue it.
Our life is death if we doe liue in ſinne.
A dying life, all kind of death exceeds.
Contented meane eſt ſtate, true life doth giue,
Reſting ſecure, not riſing vp to griue.
This life affoords no ſweet without ſome ſower.
To liue and loue not, is not life at all.
Fond blinded greatneſſe, with his buſie toyle,
Seeking for happie life, doth life diſpoile.
Life is neuer too ſhort, where death is wiſht.
There is no force ſo great, as life enforc'd.
What kind of life (alas) liue thoſe men in,
That cannot liue without, nor with their ſinne?
Life is ill ſpar'd, that's ſpar'd to ſpill more blood.
To liue in death, is but a dying life.
Long vſe of life, is as a lingering foe,
And gentle death the onely end of woe.
Sweet is the life that is maintain'd by loue.
Redeeme thy life, although with all thou haſt.
The good doe liue, as if they liued not:
And die, as if their death were but a dreame.
That life is death, where men doe liue alone.
A good life doth beget as good a death.
No wiſe man likes in ſuch a life to dwell,
Whoſe waies are ſtrait to heauen, and wide to hell.

Of life.

Mans life may not be deſtitute of office.
A good life, is next way to winne good fame.
The liſe corrupt with vnexpected ſhame
And timeleſſe death, is buried with defame.
They liue but ill, who alwayes thinke to liue.
To men in miſerie, life ſeemes too long.
Long life hath commonly long cares annext.
The breath that maintaines life doth finiſh life.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS falls the tree, ſo proſtrate ſtill it lyes:
So ſpeedeth life, in liuing, as it dyes.
As men by life in bondage ſoone are brought,
Euen ſo by death is freedome ſooneſt wrought.
As fire burnes fiercely, being ſtill ſupplyed,
So life poſtes ſwiftly when it leaſt is ſpyed.
As ſharpe froſts eaſily nip forewardſprings,
So life to end it, hath too many things.
As Eaſterne winds doth towardly bloſſoms blaſt,
So inward cares makes life to finiſh faſt.
As life is onely by the gift of grace,
So death by nature taketh time and place.

THere is hardly any one Chapter in this Booke, but it deliuereth Plentie of examples for this argument of life; the whole ſumme (indeed) but containing the courſe of our actions, euen from our entrance into life, vnto the verie houre of our death: therefore there ſhall need no ſpeciall collection vpon this dead.

Of Death.

Death is keye, which vnlockes miſerie,
And lets the ſoule to bleſſed libertie.

DEath is the end of woe and wretchednesse.
When deaths houre comes, let none aske reason why.
He ought to dye, that not deſerues to liue.
Who dyes the death with honour in the field,
Both is lifes woes and ſorrowes briefly ends.
ith ſharpe affliction, death firſt grounds his cauſe.
he faireſt bloſſome, deaths ſterne winter nips.
eath hath no dart to ſlay deſerued fame.
The tragicke Scene where death her play begins,
Are acts of night, and deeds of ougly darke.
wretched men, death is the welcom'ſt friend,
ath neuer comes when need doth moſt require.
e is but loſſe, and death felicitie.
Who dyes, the vtmoſt anguiſh doth abide:
But he that liues, is left to waile his loſſe.
life, is much more worſe than gladſome death,
r life is day, but death is ougly night.
e death it is, to ſhun more ſhame, to die.
eath to ſharpe ſorrow, quickely eaſe doth ſend,
or death, doth griefe and ſorrow ſooneſt end.
th to the wretched, is both grace and gaine.
eath, aduiſe for daunger comes too late.

It's worse than death, to linger on relief e.
Death is the gulfe of all, and then I say,
Thou art as good as Cæsar in the clay.
A sicke man best sets downe the pangs of death.
Deaths name is much more mightie then his deeds.
To die, is all as common, as to liue.
It is not death, that which the world calls dying,
But that is death, which is all ioyes denying.
The shade pursues the bodie, so death vs.
Death is the drierie Dad, and dust the Dame.
Death is misfortunes monarchizing foe.
Thy fatall end, why dost thou so begin,
Loathing death out, yet keep'st destruction in.
None moane his death, whose life hath all annoy'd.
We haue one life, and so our death is one.
Death lends vs sight, while he doth spare vs breath.
It's treble death, a freezing death to feele,
For him on whome the Sunne hath euer shone.
Long liues the man, that dies in lustie yeares.
Death is the lowest step a man can fall.
Death is not shunn'd of them that dutie yeeld.
Death which ends care, yet carelesse of our death,
Doth steale our ioyes, but steeleth not our breath.
Parting breeds morning, absence cruell death.
To good and bad death is an equall doome.
Though death be poore, it ends a world of woe.
Death is to some a fierce vnbidden guest,
But those that craue his aid, he helpeth least.
Thre's nothing we can call our owne, but death.
Death's the deuourer of all worlds delight.
It's sweet to dye, when we are forc'd to liue.
When heapes of treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adiunct, there's no death supposed.
Neere death he stands that stands too neere a crowne.

It's double death, to drowne in ken of ſhoare.
Death is too good for baſe diſhoneſt life.
There's nothing elſe remaines for Vs beſide,
But teares and coffins onely to prouide.
All things are ſubiect to deaths tyrannie.
What things ſoeuer liues, is ſure to die.
All killing death, by Chriſt is kill'd him-ſelfe.
Oh ſickeneſſe, thou art many times belyde,
When death hath many waies to come beſide.
The ſharpeſt ſting of death, hurts not but helpes.
Carrion corruption is the food of death.
The day of death, excels our day of birth.
Oft times their gaines whome greatneſſe fauoureth,
When chiefe preferr'd, ſtand as preferr'd to death.
Raiſe vp no liuing blame againſt the dead.
A preſent death exceeds a lingring life.
Life leads to care, death to the ſcale of heauen.
The dying man, whoſe eyes are ſunke and dimme,
Thinkes euerie paſſing bell rings out for him.
To die in life, is but a liuing death.
Good death not loftie life, is moſt renowne.
In countries cauſe to die, is noble death.
Death doth no time, no age, no reaſon meaſure.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS the hearb Rew is bitter in our taſte,
So deaths remembrance fearefull is to many.
As ſleepe depriues the memorie of paines,
So ſleepe of death ends all our wretchednes.
As all ſmall currents runne into the Sea,
So all mens toiles are ſwallowed vp in death.
As borrowed money muſt be paid againe,
So what life owes, muſt be by death diſcharg'd.

As we are merrie at our childrens birth,
So ſhould we not grieue vainly at their death.
As darkeneſſe doth obſcure the faireſt day,
So death laies hold vpon the foreward'ſt life.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Hector ſaid to his wife *Andromache*,
Grieue not my death, all men are borne to die.
Gorgias, askt in ſickeneſſe how he far'd?
Said, ſleepe now yeelds me to his brother death.
Pindarus ſleeping on a yong lads breaſt,
Neuer awaked, but in that ſort dyed.
Veſpaſian ſtood vp at the point of death,
And ſaid, An Emperour ſhould ſtanding dye.
Plato thankt Nature, that ſhe let him liue,
In ſuch a time, as taught him well to die.
Thales will'd euerie man amend his life.
Elſe he could haue no honour in his death.

The Concluſion.

THis worke, which coſt
meane paines and labour
reduce into this forme
method; is thus at the len
happily concluded, & co
mended to the kind acceptation of all

tle and well-diſpoſed minds. If ſome carping Sycophant (readier alway to cauill and find fault, than correct and amend) ſhal miſlike of the courſe obſerued in this book, and imagine the heads not aptly or properly placed, (according as in his nice opinion perhaps he would haue them: let me thus plainly anſwere him, That they were neuer meãt for the pleaſing of his vaine appetite, and therefore he hath more loue to look off, thã be prying into matters aboue his capacitie. Onely to the iudiciall & affable iudgements of this age, both the paines & pleaſure of this labour is publiſhed: not doubting, but they will meaſure it by the iuſt deſert, & cenſure thereof as their owne kind natures haue euer beene accuſtomed.

In this impreſſion, are omitted the Sentences of *Chaucer*, *Gower*, *Lidgate*, and other auncient Poets, becauſe it was not known how their forme would agree with theſe of ten ſyllables onely, and that ſometimes they exceed the compaſſe herein obſerued, hauing none but lineall and couplet

plet ſentences, aboue and beyond which courſe, the Gentleman who was the cauſe of this collection (taking therein no meane paines him-ſelfe, beſides his friends labour) could not be perſwaded, but determinatly aimed at this obſeruation Neuertheleſſe, if this may enioy but the fauour he hopes it will, and the good intent thereof be no way m ſconſtrued at the next impreſſion it ſhall be largely ſupplyed, with things that at this preſent could not be obtained, both in reſpect of ſome vrgent occaſion, beeing the hinderance thereof: as alſo becauſe there wanted apt meanes to furniſh further purpoſe then intentended. All which ſhall then be anſwered effectually, and any thing els may be thought auaileable to this worke, and the good liking of the wiſe.

FINIS.

An Alphebeticall Table, of the ſeuerall things handled in this Booke.

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